

# THE MIRROR OF TASTE,

AND

## DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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### HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### SPANISH THEATRE.

**H**AVING dismissed the subject of the ancient drama, we now come to that of the modern; and first, the Spanish theatre presents itself as claiming priority in point of time, though in all other respects falling far short of those of other European nations. Many ages back, even when the Romans first began to be distinguished for good poetry, the dramatic art was known and exercised in Spain. To this day the ruins of several vast ancient amphitheatres are to be found in the old metropolitan towns, indubitable testimonials of the great delight which the Spaniards of old took in amusements of that kind. The barbarous nations, however, in their various incursions, swept away before them every vestige of refinement—arts, sciences, literature, poetry, all vanished before these pestilent hordes, and with them the Dramatic Muses fled the land. Thalia has since deigned to pay it a transient visit—but Melpomene has never since returned.

It is a subject of curious consideration, that while the native genius of Spain has lavished upon her theatrical productions, more wit and humour than are to be found in the same quantity of

composition in any other country, she should not have to boast of any piece regularly dramatic. Some of her authors have so far exceeded all others in luxuriant fertility of mind, as to render belief difficult: but these, in the effervescence of their fancies, have put their compositions together in so loose, irregular and crude a form, and have in general so far outraged probability in their plots and incidents, that they have been almost useless to their own stage while they have served as a rich and inexhaustible mine for the writers of other nations to work upon. The bullion dug from this mine has been coined into various shapes, and stamped for currency by the more accurate and correct writers of France and England.

The Comic Muse returned back to Spain, for the first time with the Arabs, and from that period the drama of that country became tainted with those monstrous absurdities which have in a degree adhered to it ever since, and degrade it even at the present day. A strange heterogeneous mixture of gross, rude and gloomy superstition, and low provincial farce compounded by that unenlightened race, laid the foundation of the first senic representations of Castile; all of which partook of the base tincture of the fountain from which they sprung. Sometimes the passion of love, as it displays itself in pastoral romance, found its way into those plays; but generally their great basis was religion; and the far larger number of their plots were founded upon passages of Revelation. The birth of Christ—the passion—the temptation in the desert—the different martyrdoms of the saints—the day of judgment, et cetera, were turned into intermezzos. On those occasions the scenery and decorations consisted of supposed views of hell, purgatory, and paradise, and to, give interest to this abominable jumble of sacred and ludicrous, it was customary to sing *te deum* and administer benedictions during the performance. It is but fair to remark that representations of the same kind were at one time common in England, and that to this day the puppet shows often exhibit pieces of a similar nature.

In order to convey a tolerable idea of the extent to which the prodigious absurdity, as well as blasphemy of those pieces was carried, it will be sufficient to relate the scheme of one of those called "The Creation." Adam enters on one side, and

the Creator on the other; Chaos stands in the middle, and Adam intreats the Creator to destroy Chaos, and to create man. To this moment, it is said the Spanish drama is in some degree infected with these abominable, blasphemous absurdities. Besides which the dialogue is often tainted with impious applications of scripture expressions, so that there is hardly a passage in holy writ, or a text of scripture that has not been strained to some ludicrous meaning, nay, employed in the most indecent manner to give vivacity to the burlesque of the piece. It is but justice to remark, however, that these farragoes are never performed in any but the most remote and unenlightened parts of the kingdom. The theatres of Madrid, Valentia, Barcelona, Seville, or Cadiz, are never polluted with them.

But though the multitude were sufficiently pleased with the heterogeneous representations introduced by the buffoons, jugglers and histrions, who at an early period of the Spanish drama found their way over Spain, there were not wanting enlightened men who had erudition, good sense and taste enough to reprobate such abuses, and who, having studied the most luminous works of antiquity and made themselves acquainted with the regular orders, the artful scheme and the natural development of the best dramatic pieces of Greece and Rome, beheld with abhorrence and disgust these monstrous and farcical productions of their own country, and their great inferiority to the sublime and beautiful specimens bequeathed to the world by the wisdom and taste of the ancients. These did not suffer their observation to rest in barren disapprobation, but employed their talents in active efforts to redeem the character of their country from an imputation so discreditable, and though they could not exalt the stage of their nation to cope with the great models of antiquity, endeavoured at least to raise it from a condition so very mean and disgraceful. To this end they composed dialogues, to which they gave the name of comedies; but as the extravagant absurdity of the former rendered them obnoxious to the dislike of the judicious, so the latter were found to be dull and tedious, and in point of dramatic connection were scarcely superior to the others, though the dialogue in its detached pieces was sound and respectable, or at least inoffensive. The excellent intention of those au-

thors merited a better fate than the pieces experienced; for they were little attended to : and being utterly incompetent to the purpose they were designed to produce, made no impression, effected no amendment in the public taste, manners, or morals, and left the people in the same state of gross libertinism in which they found them. Failing of effect in the shape in which they were originally composed, recourse was had to alteration—by slow and gradual interpolations they were changed, till they became saturated with that very licentiousness they were first intended to explode. Of this sort is the celebrated comedy intitled “Calixtus and Melibeus.” In this play the characters are so libertine, and voluptuous, the circumstances so profligate, the language so loose, and at the same time the descriptions so animated and lively, that it was necessarily withheld from public representation. To this radical moral evil was added a fault of another kind; those pieces were too long to be patiently heard to an end, and their prolixity disabled them from producing any serious mischief.

Those having failed, and something of a more reasonable kind being still desired, recourse was had to translation. Some of the Greek and Latin plays were turned into Castilian prose, and these so far succeeded that they effected a partial reform in the Spanish drama.

The dramatic authors of Spain are very numerous, but of those who by original productions have given reputation to the country the first was LOPE DE RUEDA. This man, who was a player as well as a poet, was born at Seville, and rendered himself so conspicuous by his writings, that he stands immortalized by the panegyric of Miguel Cervantes, the renowned author of *Don Quixotte*, who was himself also an admirable dramatic writer. That great man praises Rueda for his excellence in pastoral poetry, and for the skill with which he worked it up into his dramatic productions. Rueda, however, laboured under the disadvantage of bringing forth his pieces, when the theatres were but rude and wretched buildings, destitute of every embellishment that could tend to aid an author in the exhibition of his plays, or to set them off to proper advantage. The dresses of the actors were, though rich according to their age and manners, barbarous, ill assorted and uncouth, being made of sheep-skins,



ornamented with gold. Theatres were destitute of scenery, machinery or stage decoration. A solitary curtain composed of woollen cloth or wrought tapestry, drawn aside by cords, constituted the whole; and for the audience there were only four long benches. Rueda certainly possessed an inimitable vein of comic genius, which he displayed in various characters; but he particularly excelled in the description of characters in vulgar and low life, in simpletons, rustic clowns, and blustering gasconaders.

Cervantes was the author of several admirable plays which, in the judgment of the most judicious possess the highest merit, and are justly considered as models which the best dramatic poets of his country would have found it their advantage to imitate.

But Lopez de Vega and Calderon are the leading dramatic poets, and in that respect are considered as the pride of the Spanish nation. They may without hesitation be ranked in the very first class of poetical geniuses. The former completely abandoned, and professedly despised the Aristotelian rules, and in his composition wholly disregarded probability, order, regularity, and all proportion in the division of his plans; and decency he entirely scouted from the stage. Even our Shakspeare has in no instance more completely outraged probability than has De Vega; since in a single representation, a hero is supposed to be born, do deeds of pithy manhood, traverse every part of the globe, and at last die of old age; in this course he is supposed to have slept in the extreme part of the east, and dined in the north, and when, after having made his hero sweep over the whole world, and like the Macedonian Alexander find it too narrow for him to play his pranks, Lopez, with a touch of his wild magic pen, sends him up into the air to take a bed for the night.

Nor is De Vega less extravagant, eccentric and incongruous in the drawing of his characters. He has been called the SHAKSPEARE of Spain. They might as well call him the NEWTON or the LOCKE. "Other dramatists," says doctor Johnson, "can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters; by fabulous or unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human af-

\* See preface to Shakspeare.

fairs from the play or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes: his scenes are occupied only by men who act and speak as the reader thinks he should have spoken or acted on the same occasion. Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions, and the most frequent incidents: so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world." Such are the characters of Lopez de Vega. His valets (says an acute writer) speak the language of courtiers—his princes of coxcombs, and his ladies of quality that of fishwomen. His actors make their entrance in a mob, and exits in confusion. In one piece probably you have sixty principal characters. When Cervantes expostulated with him upon his unparalleled licentiousness and constant outrages of all the rules of the ancients, Lopez made him the following notable answer—an answer unworthy of a man of superior genius and much more analagous to the mean mercenary principles of a huckster or a pedlar, than to the dignity and exalted sentiments of a great poet. "Miguel," said he, "it is the people who pay us, and therefore we ought to please them, which nothing but the grossest ignorance can do. I therefore lock up Aristotle and Horace, because they reproach me for departing from my duty as a dramatic writer, and as for Plautus and Terence I never hold any conversation with them, but they have the impudence to criticise every one of my productions."

Calderon, though not so wild in his genius, was little more attentive than De Vega to the Aristotelian rules. He makes the history of a man's whole life flit through a single play, which, without any regard to regular plan, probability, or indeed possibility, he contrives to spin out through more than half a century of time. Buffoonery as gross as ever disgraced a mountebank's stage at Bartholomew fair, breaks in upon the gravity of the most serious scenes, and interrupts the current of the feelings in some of the most interesting and pathetic; and not infrequently the quaint pleasantries of a valet, or the impertinent jests of some low servant break in upon the plaints of a prince afflicted with the most poignant misery.

Yet with all these defects such is the overbearing power of genius, both De Vega and Calderon so force their way to the heart, the passions, and the feelings, that the most inveterate disciple of the ancient school finds his judgment overcome, and Aristotle himself would be obliged to yield up his authority and prostrate it at the feet of these mighty magicians. His must indeed be a frigid heart which would not be warmed into rapture and enthusiasm by the copiousness, the vigour and the originality of their invention—by their wonderful art in entangling and disentangling their plots, by the boundless variety of characters, by the number, justness, and grandeur of their sentiments, by the force and elegance of their expressions, and by the unexampled facility of their versification: such is the opinion of Barretti, who was no mean judge of the subject and the language. In the style of Calderon, who is the idol of the Spanish theatre, Dibdin allows that there is a nobleness of diction, an elegance without obscurity worthy to be admired, while his artful manner of keeping the spectators in a pleasing yet continual suspense, has a truly ingenious and comic effect.

A few of the Spanish dramatists, however, have approximated nearer to the rules of a regular drama: Solis, Moreto, Zamora, Candamo, Canizares, and some others, deserve great praise for the respectable efforts they have made to introduce a more rational taste. The Spanish theatre has no doubt been improved in some sort since Barretti was in that country: the *Autos Sacramentales*, a kind of religious drama in which Pagan deities, Christian saints, the Virgin Mary, women, angels, and devils, with a vast variety of allegorical characters, are jumbled together, and the *Loa*, a small piece of nearly the same kind which preceded the *Autos*, were performed when Barretti travelled through Spain, but were in a short time after abolished by royal mandate.

It is a matter of very serious as well as curious reflection, the habit which has so much prevailed in Spain of combining sacred things with the lowest and most ridiculous concerns; and it is one of a multitude of proofs which the history of man affords, how closely the limits of extreme fanaticism and profaneness approach each other. The Spaniards have ever been the most

zealous Christian religionists, according to their particular tenets, yet Barretti, who was himself a catholic, remarks that the Spaniards apply religious expressions in a very shocking manner. He says that his inn at Toledo was called *Le Sangre de Christo*; and adds, "an inn which in any town in England would scarcely be thought a fit habitation for the lowest of mankind, is here called 'the blood of Christ.'"

Besides the plays, *Autos*, &c. the Spaniards have a kind of farce of one act, or according to their division, of one *day*, called a *Sainé*, and a *petit piece* of two acts called the Zarzuela which admit of music and are often sung throughout. None of their dramatic pieces, it is said, consist of more than three acts, but the lowest of all are called *Entremés* and *Mociganga*: these consist of only a few scenes, and their value is estimated by the quantity of buffoonery. Barretti has given in his tour a specimen of one, called the Parish Clerk, which is something like the drollery once practised at the fairs of Great Britain.

But however deficient the dramatic poetry of Spain may be in correctness and excellence, it certainly cannot be accused of being at all deficient in quantity. Nothing that is true can appear more incredible than the immense number of plays produced by Spanish authors. Lopez de Vega composed upwards of two thousand different pieces for the stage. For this prodigious fecundity of Lopez and the Spanish dramatic poets in general, the penetrating and industrious Dibdin accounts in this manner. "When we consider the nature and the form of these works," says he, "the phenomenon is more easy to be conceived. The Spaniards have a great number of rhapsodies, under the titles of chronicles, annals, romances, and legends. In these they find some historical anecdote, some entertaining adventure, which they transcribe without choice or exception. All the details they put into dialogue, and to this compilation is given the distinction, *PLAY*: thus one can easily imagine that a man in the habit of copying with facility, could write forty of these plays in less time than an author of real genius and regulated habitude could put out of his hands a single act; for the latter is obliged to design his characters, to prepare, graduate, and develop his



intrigue, and to reconcile all this to the rules of decency, taste, probability, and, indeed, custom."

It is curious, continues the same author, that the Spanish plays, which are no more than romances in dialogue, should have been frequently re-transformed into romance. The task cannot be difficult: it is only to render the dialogue again into recital. Le Sage has done this several times in *Gil Blas*, and this is not the worst part of the work. His history of *Aurora de Guzman* is translated from a play of MORETO. Nor has Le Sage been the only one who has built a reputation on the plunder of the Spanish dramatists. Madame GOMEZ SCARRON and others have done the same, and it may be fairly averred that most of the novels which had such success in the last century in France, and part of this century in England, are nothing more than Spanish dramas metamorphosed into French and English narrations.

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#### BIOGRAPHY.

WE are sorry to be under the necessity of postponing the conclusion of HODGKINSON's life. Hopes had been entertained of its being terminated in the last number; but the protracted absence from Philadelphia of a gentleman who has promised to furnish the biographer with some interesting particulars respecting the death of that admirable actor, prevented the memoir being brought to a close in the last number, and compels us to apologize for the postponement of it in the present.

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#### FOR THE MIRROR.

##### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HANBURY DWYER, COMEDIAN.

MR. DWYER is descended in the direct line from the Milesian family of O'Dwyer, and was born at Tipperary in the kingdom of Ireland, whence he was removed at an early age to Dublin,

for the advantages of education. His father had been a lieutenant in the Irish brigades, under the late unfortunate Louis XVI, and at the revolution in which that monarch lost his life he returned to the bosom of his family in his native land. He was acknowledged to be the best fencer of the age, and particularly distinguished himself by an *assault* with the celebrated Reddau, who challenged any man in Europe, for any sum; but who was publicly beaten by Mr. Dwyer, with the greatest ease.

Mr. J. H. Dwyer was intended by his father for the law; but scribbling on parchment not proving to him so alluring as the perusal of Shakspeare and visiting the theatre, he eloped from the precincts of the bar, and, in spite of the efforts of his friends to the contrary, made his *debut* at the age of seventeen, for the benefit of Miss Campion (afterwards Mrs. Pope) on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. His reception at that time seemed to warrant his continuance on the stage, and he employed all his energies to obtain that knowledge of his profession without which the richest gifts of nature are frequently unavailing.

With a degree of success never contemplated even by himself Mr. Dwyer played in many of the principal provincial theatres of England until the year 1802, when, on the first of May, 1802, he appeared in the character of Belcour (West Indian) at Drury Lane. Nothing could be more brilliant than his reception, and no performer ever received so unequivocally the full meed of applause. For several nights together he repeated the same character, and each night added fresh laurels to his fame. The elegance of his person, the fascination of his deportment, and that perfect knowledge of stage-business which never suffers the slightest embarrassment to appear, confirmed him in the public mind as the best comedian that had appeared since the time of Garrick. It is related that the mere manner of drawing his sword elicited several rounds of applause from one of the most crowded houses ever witnessed within the immense walls of the New Theatre.

For three seasons Mr. Dwyer held that distinguished rank in the theatre to which his preeminent talents so fully entitled him. Ranger, Archer, Charles Surface, and other characters of this cast were never represented with greater effect than by

him; and it is a well-known fact, that for some time after Mr. Dwyer quitted the Drury Lane boards, the treasury experienced most wofully the effects of his absence.

Mr. Dwyer's reasons for leaving Drury Lane have been variously reported; but the following may be relied on as the true ones.

A Mr. Graham had been introduced to the theatre as manager, owing to the embarrassed state of Mr. Sheridan's affairs; and Mr. Graham having a particular friendship for Mr. Elliston of the Bath Theatre, engaged him at a high salary, and sometimes cast him into Mr. Dwyer's characters. This indelicate and injurious conduct was resented by Mr. D; who threw up a three years' engagement in disgust, and preferred his honour and independence to the first situation, and the enjoyment of the best salary on the London boards.

After playing for a few nights at great prices, in most of the cities and towns of Great Britain, Mr. Dwyer determined on a trip across the Atlantic; and arrived in Newyork in the spring of 1810. In spite of that opposition which never fails to attend the progress of merit, Mr. Dwyer was at once acknowledged by judges as the first comedian of his time; and his profits it is said have been commensurate with his fame. Since the expiration of his engagement at Newyork, Mr. D. has performed at Philadelphia and Boston with astonishing success.

From a respectable English publication we copy a letter from the celebrated lord Chedworth to Mr. Dwyer, written soon after his appearance in London. The taste and judgment of his lordship, in all things relating to the drama, are sufficiently known.

*" Ipswich, May 7, 1802.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I beg you will accept my thanks for your very obliging letter, which I received this morning, and am not a little pleased to find you do me the justice to believe that I should receive a gratification from the intelligence of your success, and of your having concluded a satisfactory engagement with the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre. I assure you I had received with delight the accounts which the papers gave of your reception, and

I have also had private information that the applause far exceeded the representation given of it in the papers. Indeed I never could doubt that such would be the sensations of a metropolitan audience, if you could obtain an opportunity of being seen. I most heartily congratulate you on this event, and have only to wish that you may be frequently seen. You will, I am sure, forgive my taking the liberty of adding that I hope you will soon have an opportunity of appearing in *Ranger*; for though I never was so fortunate as to see you in that character, I think it is one which would show you to great advantage. In that line you have no competitor in the theatre, though you must expect to be an object of jealousy to those who attempted the same walk with less success. But of this more, with your permission, when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I hope to do in about a fortnight. I remain, with every good wish,

“ dear sir,

“ your very faithful

“ and obedient servant,

“ CHEDWORTH.

“ J. H. Dwyer, esq. London.”

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. HANNAH COWLEY.

MRS. HANNAH COWLEY, a writer well known in the poetical and dramatic walks of literature, died at Tiverton, in Devonshire, March 10, in the sixty-sixth year of her age.—This lady was the daughter of the late Mr. Parkhurst, also of Tiverton; a gentleman equally respected and esteemed, for his learning and probity, as for a peculiar flow of humour, which enlivened his conversation. Mrs. Cowley's genius may, in some respects, be considered as hereditary. Her grandmother by the father's side was first-cousin to the celebrated poet Gay, by whom she was held in high estimation; and he passed a considerable portion of his time at her house in Barnstaple. Mr. Parkhurst also obtained a proficiency in classical literature; and had the reputation of being an excellent scholar. Under such a tutor was the genius of Mrs. Cowley cultivated. In the earlier part of her



life, however, she had not been fond of theatrical entertainments; and the fancy which she conceived for writing was accidental. Being present at a successful comedy, her imagination was caught: "and I too can write!" said she to her husband, who was in the box with her. She was rallied by him for her presumption. "You shall see," said she; and produced, before dinner the next day, the first act of "The Runaway," *verbatim* as it was afterwards performed, with great applause. In quick succession came "The Belle's Stratagem," the farce of "Who's the Dupe?" (the Greek introduced therein she had from her father); "Albina," a tragedy; "Which is the Man?" "A Bold Stroke for a Husband;" "More Ways than One;" "The School for Gray Beards," comedies.—"The Fate of Sparta," a tragedy; "A Day in Turkey," and "The Town before You," comedies. "The Runaway" was written in a fortnight, and the "Belle's Stratagem" in three weeks. The first produced eight hundred guineas, the latter twelve hundred. Nothing was laboured; all was spontaneous effusion; she was no *drudge* of literature; fame was not half so much her object, as the pleasure of composition. These dramas were brought out under the superintendence of her husband, except one or two of the last, he having then joined his regiment, in which he had the commission of captain, in the East Indies. He died there, about ten years since. This gentleman, who was brother to the merchant of the same name, possessed considerable powers of mind, and would sometimes slide in a sentence which was pleasing to the authoress; he, now and then, too, would insert a speech which she thought became not her. Three epic poems were published at intervals between these: "The Maid of Arragon," the scene of which is laid in Spain, during the incursions of the Moors. [Her imagination in this sends out the Christian bishops at the head of the troops, the cross in one hand, and the sword in the other, as in reality they have been seen in the present day.] "The Scottish Village," and "The Siege of Acre."—In the different characters of daughter, wife, and mother, Mrs. Cowley's conduct was exemplary. Her manners were lively, and unassuming; her countenance was peculiarly animated and expressive; but there was nothing about her of that style which

sometimes indicates the *writer*. The general turn of her life was by no means theatrical; at the theatres, except to oblige others by accompanying them, she was never seen; frequently, for years together, she was not there at all. Though public as a GENIUS, yet, private as a WOMAN; she wore her laurels gracefully veiled. In the course of her last ten years, she wrote two or three slight poems, in friendship with the families of lady Carew, lady Duntze, Mrs. Wood, and other ladies in her neighbourhood, which probably are yet extant. Nothing remained with her but two MSS. the first written in the close of the last year, without rising from the table, at which she had received an "Elegy on lord Nelson," by a clergyman of her neighbourhood. The other signed "A School Boy," on pretence of its being composed by one, was written but a few weeks before her death, and given to the sexton of the parish, whose little property was destroyed in the late floods. It describes the man's efforts, while his cottage was overwhelmed; the consequences, &c. and claims a subscription for one who would not directly beg. The list of subscriptions began with that of "Th School Boy;" and quickly more than restored his property, who was so soon to assist in the funeral of his benefactress. Mrs. Cowley latterly declined visits, except those of ladies, at her own house, on Monday mornings: it was a working party (at which sometimes forty were present), for the benefit of distressed married women.

Though not actually ill, she had for a considerable time, been conscious of rather quickly approaching death; and she looked forward to it with cheerfulness. She had, through her life been deeply religious; prayers written by her at twelve years of age, were many years kept, by those whose preservation was praise. She had never in her life been seriously ill, but had considerable dread of a long continued death-bed sickness; and had frequently wished even for sudden death, rather than to be sensible of gradual decay. She expired without a struggle, in the fullest possession of her mental powers, after having been only one day confined to her room.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. THOMAS HOLCROFT.

MR. THOMAS HOLCROFT, a well known novel, and dramatic writer, was born in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, December 22, 1774. His father was a shoemaker, a calling for which his son always retained a peculiar respect. The honest tradesman in "the Road to Ruin," was originally a shoemaker: but at the request of a friend, the author converted him into a hosier. When Mr. Holcroft was in his teens, he was servant to the honourable Mr. Vernon, and his chief employment was to ride his master's race-horses, which were in training to run for the plate at Newmarket. He was always afterwards much devoted to the art of horsemanship. He was also considerably attached to the study of music, and occasionally directed his attention to connoisseurship in painting. He persevered, however, to the age of twenty-five years, with some little interruption, in his father's trade of a shoemaker.—About that period of life he conceived a passion for the stage, and offered his services to Macklin and Foote. Foote encouraged him, but Macklin talked to him in so specious a style, and held out to him so many temptations and prospects, which were never realized, that he was induced to decide for Macklin and Ireland, a decision which he continued long to repent. In the profession of a player Mr. Holcroft continued, not with the most flattering success, till after the production of his play of "Duplicity," in 1781. Immediately on the exhibition of this comedy, he withdrew from the stage as an actor, and for several years devoted his attention principally to dramatic composition. His writings of this kind were: 2. The Noble Peasant, an opera. 3. The Choleric Fathers, an opera. 4. The Follies of a Day, a comedy, from the French of Beaumarchais. 5. Seduction, a comedy, 1786. 6. The German Hotel, a drama, translation, 1790. 7. The School for Arrogance, a comedy, partly from the French of Destouches, 1791. 8. The Road to Ruin, a comedy, and the best of his dramatic writings, 1792. 9. Love's Frailties, a comedy, 1794. 10. The Deserted Daughter, a comedy, 1795. 11. The Man of Ten Thousand, a comedy, 1796. 12. The Force of Ridicule, a comedy, 1796. 13. He is much to Blame, a comedy, (published anonymously) was very successful, 1798. 14. Knave or Not, a comedy, 1798. 15. Deaf

and Dumb, a comedy, from the French, very successful, 1801. 16. *The Tale of Mystery*, an after-piece from the French, 1802. 17. *Hear Both Sides*, a comedy, 1803. 18. *The Vindictive Man*, a comedy, 1806.

Mr. Holcroft also produced three novels: *Anna St. Ives*, published in 1792; *Hugh Trevor* in 1794; and *Brian Perdue*, in 1807. Of his style, it may be remarked, in general, that it is harsh, coarse, and vulgar; but not without force. The general cast of his sentiments is objectionable. His novel of *Hugh Trevor*, in particular, excites no feelings but those of discontent and disgust. It may be regarded as an attempt to prove, that a man cannot embrace any one of the liberal professions, without becoming a rogue, and every thing that is disgraceful and infamous. The church, especially, is most foully calumniated by this *SOI-DISANT* reformer.

Among the numerous translations, which, at times, employed Mr. Holcroft's pen, may be mentioned:—1. *The Private Life of Voltaire*, 12mo. 2. *The Remains of Baron Trenck*, in 3 vols. 12mo. 3. *The Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, by the Count de Mirabeau, 2 vols. 8vo. 4. *Tales of the Castle*, by Madame de Genlis, 5 vols. 12mo. 5. *The Posthumous Works of Frederic II*, king of Prussia, 13 vols. 8vo. 6. *An Abridged Display of the Physiognomy of Lavater*, 3 large vols. 8vo.

In 1794, Mr. Holcroft, who had long been a distinguished member of the Corresponding and other seditious societies, was indicted for high treason; and, with a degree of firmness and intrepidity which is not very common, he voluntarily surrendered himself.—The result of the ensuing state trials is well known: no doubt existed of a certain degree of guilt attaching to the prisoners, but of the crime of high treason they were acquitted.

Mr. Holcroft spent the principal part of the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in Germany and France, and the observations he collected in his travels, were afterwards published by him in two volumes quarto.—He died March 23.—The surviving wife of Mr. Holcroft, is the niece of the celebrated Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, and a member of the French legislature. By this lady Mr. Holcroft has left six young children, the eldest



of whom is only nine years of age: these are unprovided for; but we understand that the widow, and an unmarried daughter of Mr. H. by a former marriage, have engaged in the management of a school for their support.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS ANN SEWARD.

MISS ANN SEWARD, distinguished in the literary world by her poetical writings, was daughter of the late reverend Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary of Lichfield. Mr. Seward had graceful manners, great hilarity of spirit, and active benevolence. His poetic talents were not inconsiderable; and he studied with discriminating taste, in their original languages, the Greek, Latin, and English bards. He was known to the world of letters as principal editor of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, published in 1750; also, as author of a learned and ingenious tract on the conformity between paganism and popery. To Dodsley's collection he sent a few elegant little poems, which may be found at the close of the second volume.\* At the village of Eyam, situated among the highest of the peak mountains, Mr. Seward passed the first eight years after his marriage. In the second year his eldest daughter, the subject of this memoir, was born. She had several sisters and one brother, but all died in their infancy except the second daughter, who lived till she was nineteen, and then died on the eve of her nuptials. In Miss Seward's seventh year her family removed from Eyam to Lichfield; and in her thirteenth they became inhabitants of the bishop's palace, which continued to be her home during life. Mrs. Seward, who died at sixty-six, in the year 1780, was a woman of strong sense, and had possessed extraordinary beauty, a large portion of which she retained to the last. Without taste for literary pursuits herself, she had never encouraged them in her daughters. For

\* By mistake they were printed anonymously. These poems commence with "The Female Right to Literature," written at Florence, and sent thence to Miss Pratt, afterwards lady Camden, the "Athenea" of the verses. To that succeed some lines on Shakspeare's monument at Stratford.

the delight they took in books, they were indebted to their father's early instruction. Fancying that he saw the dawn of poetic genius in his eldest girl, he amused himself with its culture, though not from any idea or desire that she should ever become an authoress. Her ear for poetic recitation, in which he himself excelled, inspired the pleasure he felt in fostering her talents. At three years old, before she could read, he had taught her to lisp the Allegro of Milton; and in her ninth year she was enabled to speak by rote the three first books of the "Paradise Lost," with varied accent and just melody. Miss Seward has herself remarked, "That its sublime images, the alternate grandeur and beauty of its numbers, perpetually filled her infant mind with delight, while she performed the parental task, by daily committing a portion of them to memory." It has been already observed, that Miss Seward's progress in the composition of verse met the chillness of maternal discouragement, and her father, as she grew up to womanhood, was induced to withdraw the animating welcome he had given her early muse. Nothing could restrain, however, the ardour she felt to peruse, with discriminating attention, the writings of our finest poets. Miss Seward's productions were confined to the perusal of her more intimate friends, till she became accidentally acquainted with the late lady Miller, of Bath Easton, by whose persuasion she was induced to write for the poetic institution of that villa and to become a candidate for its myrtle wreath: she obtained it repeatedly. The prize poems were published and adapted from the Bath Easton volume into other public prints, with the names of the authors; and thus the Rubicon was passed. Early the next year, 1780, her elegy on captain Cook was given to the world, with an Ode to the Sun subjoined, on the bright unwintered year 1779. These poems meeting a flattering reception, she was encouraged to lament the cruel fate of her gallant and amiable friend, major Andre. Her Monody on him, and also her Elegy on captain Cook, involving a series of events the most important in the lives of their heroes, formed a new species of funeral song. Doctor Darwin often told her, she was the inventress of epic elegy. In 1782 appeared her poem to the memory of lady Miller, who died in July 1781, in the me-

vidian of her days. In 1784 she published the poetical novel intitled "Louisa," which is perhaps the most popular of all her compositions; and in 1787 her "Epic Ode on the return of general Elliott from Gibraltar." These, with her "Llangollen Vale and other poems," in 1790, the "Life of Darwin," in 1806, and contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical publications, form, we believe, the whole of her works. As a writer few women have exhibited more strength of intellect, or more genuine delicacy of taste, than Miss Seward. Her poetry is particularly distinguished by beauty of imagery and vigour of sentiment; yet is not wholly free from affectation. Her life of Dr. Darwin cannot but be accurate, from her intimate acquaintance with that gentleman. In private life Miss Seward was much respected, her friends were very numerous, and they composed no small part of the virtue and genius of the times. Miss Seward we understand, has bequeathed her manuscripts published and unpublished, with 100*l* to Walter Scott, esq. and her collections of letters from and to the most eminent literary characters of her age, to Mr. Constable, the bookseller, who, we believe, is to select and publish two volumes of them annually. The remainder of her income, with the exception of some handsome legacies, she leaves to her relations by her father's side. She was aged sixty-six.

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## MISCELLANY.

*Death of an extraordinary Person.*

A few months ago, died at Stamford in England, Mr. Daniel Lambert, long celebrated in sporting annals, and not less famous for his bulk and weight, he being confessedly the heaviest man in Europe. This extraordinary person was born at Leicester in the year 1769: his father was keeper of the bridewell of that town, to which situation he succeeded, and kept it till by a new re-

gulation that place of confinement was merged into the new jail. Having lost his employment, and having been all his life too generous to be very provident, he fell under the pressure of pecuniary want from which his friends relieved him. He was advised to see company, or in other words to show himself for his future emolument; an expedient to which though he was extremely averse, he at last consented. He arrived at Stamford on a Tuesday, and that evening sent a message to the office of a newspaper called the Stamford Mercury, requesting that "as the mountain could not wait on Mahomet—Mahomet would go to the mountain," or in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some handbills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival and desire to see company.—The orders he gave showed no presentiment that they were to be his last, but were delivered with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed ("Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa,") fatigued with his journey. He had no indisposition but drowsiness which he ascribed to fatigue; but before nine o'clock the next morning was dead. His corpulency had increased till the machinery of life clogged with flesh and fat stood still. Upon being weighed by the famous Caledonian balance, he was found to be fifty two stone and eleven pounds, fourteen pound to the stone,\* being ten stone eleven pounds more than the great Edward Bright, of Essex, whose picture is in the print shops, ever weighed. His coffin in which he was with great difficulty placed, was six feet four inches long—four feet four inches wide—and two feet four inches deep. It consisted of one hundred and twelve superficial feet of elm, and was fixed upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels, and on that he was rolled to the grave.

Mr. L's great bulk did not arise from want of exercise, for he was on the contrary remarkably active, took great pleasure in field sports, and particularly delighted in shooting.

To the breed of dogs Mr. Lambert paid the most marked attention, and the delight he received from that celebrated Leicestershire Nimrod, Mr. Maynell, first impressed him with the love of that faithful and sagacious animal. Mr. Lambert perceived that there was no hound in Mr. Maynell's park, whose tongue

\* Seven hundred and twenty-eight pounds.



his master did not instantly recognise, nor any one which did not obey his master's voice.

Until Mr. L. became too corpulent for riding on horseback, he partook of the pleasures of the chase with inexpressible delight, and even after that event he frequently accompanied the hounds to cover, receiving high gratification from a view-halloo.

The improvement of the breed of spaniels and setters was the peculiar object of Mr. Lambert; and to such a degree of celebrity had his name attained in consequence of his exertions, that a *brace of young puppies* of his breeding was sold at Tattersal's, by vendue, for *seventy guineas*; and for a *small white Terrier bitch*, which he had at the time of his death, and which was supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, he had refused the astonishing sum of *one hundred guineas*.

In his neighbourhood he was greatly respected. His temper, and the knowledge he had acquired by reading and otherwise cultivating his mind, rendered him a remarkably pleasant companion—his manners were prepossessing and he sung with much taste. Wherever he went he was received with the greatest civilities, and had every attention shown him by all ranks, so highly was he respected. One nobleman, during Mr. L's stay in his neighbourhood, sent his game keeper every day, to know what game he would like either at his own table, or to send to his distant friends. Numerous are the occasions which could be related of similar attention shown him, and never was a frown seen on his countenance, except it were justly raised by the impertinent remarks, and rude observations of those whose situation in life should have taught them a better behaviour. Once, when a distinguished nobleman paid him a visit, he asked him such unmanly and disgusting questions, that he looked on his lordship with ineffable contempt, and would not condescend to answer him.

Mr. Lambert was aware that in all probability his death would be sudden, and his life short, yet his usual cheerfulness never left him, and showed that he was always prepared for that awful event.

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It is the custom in Catholic countries, to shave the monks *gratis*, on their making application in the name of the Father. A men-

gulation that place of confinement was merged into the new jail. Having lost his employment, and having been all his life too generous to be very provident, he fell under the pressure of pecuniary want from which his friends relieved him. He was advised to see company, or in other words to show himself for his future emolument; an expedient to which though he was extremely averse, he at last consented. He arrived at Stamford on a Tuesday, and that evening sent a message to the office of a newspaper called the Stamford Mercury, requesting that "as the mountain could not wait on Mahomet—Mahomet would go to the mountain," or in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some handbills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival and desire to see company.—The orders he gave showed no presentiment that they were to be his last, but were delivered with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed ("Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa,") fatigued with his journey. He had no indisposition but drowsiness which he ascribed to fatigue; but before nine o'clock the next morning was dead. His corpulency had increased till the machinery of life clogged with flesh and fat stood still. Upon being weighed by the famous Caledonian balance, he was found to be fifty two stone and eleven pounds, fourteen pound to the stone,\* being ten stone eleven pounds more than the great Edward Bright, of Essex, whose picture is in the print shops, ever weighed. His coffin in which he was with great difficulty placed, was six feet four inches long—four feet four inches wide—and two feet four inches deep. It consisted of one hundred and twelve superficial feet of elm, and was fixed upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels, and on that he was rolled to the grave.

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It is the custom in Catholic countries, to shave the monks *gratis*, on their making application in the name of the Father. A men-

dicant friar entered a barber's shop, and crossing himself, said, "shave me, *for God's sake!* Strap, to be even with him for the unprofitable job he had brought him, selected a razor like a saw, lathered him with cold water, and began to scrape, or rather rasp the priest's face, till the tears streamed down his cheeks. During this painful operation, a cur in the street set up a most piteous yell! "What's the matter with the dog?" cried the barber, "I wonder what they are doing to him?"—"Shaving him for God's sake, I suppose," said the friar with a groan.

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A gentleman lately riding in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, saw, at the door of a farmhouse an *animal* that baffled his sagacity to understand.—"My boy" says he to a lad who was lying by, "what sort of a *beast* do you call this?" "Why zur," says the boy, "he was once a *Gray-hound* and we call'd hi *Vly*; but *Measter* cut of his ears and his tail, and meade un into a *Maishtif*, and now we calls'n *Lion!*"

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Turnpike-man outwitted.—As two sailors approached the end of Prince's bridge, Bristol, a few days ago, one of them called out to the toll-man, "I say, master, does a body pay any thing more for carrying over a burden?" "No (says the toll-man) 'tis all alike for that." Well, then, replied Jack tar, "here goes," and jumping upon the shoulders of his shipmate, rode over in triumph; but evidently rather for the sake of the joke than saving his half-penny.

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A gentleman attached to the British army in Spain, on stating to one of the Benedictines, the difficulty which he experienced in his dealings with the Junta, was thus answered by the crafty old monk:—"My good friend, you English are too good-tempered with these countrymen of ours; they will do nothing without compulsion. You ought always when you make a requisition, to threaten them with a halter; if your commands are not complied with in a given time, pull out your watch, and put a rope round one of their necks, and I pledge my existence you will never be disappointed."



*An odd hundred.*—A draft of which the following is a copy, has been presented by a gentleman in the North Riding of the county of York, to a certain person engaged in collecting money to be devoted to military purposes. When the collectors called he had the draft ready folded up, and presented it to them, saying, "Gentlemen, I present you with an odd hundred."—Their countenances were instantly illuminated with mixed feelings of delight and surprise; but these pleasurable sensations suffered some abatement, when, on opening the draft, they found it drawn in the following form:

"As a professed follower of the Prince of Peace, and the Great Author of the Christian Religion, who avowedly came into the world, not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; I cannot, consistently with the doctrine I have learned from them, *voluntarily* subscribe to promote or continue war. I have recently contributed between five and ten guineas, to 'feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and instruct the ignorant.' If after this, I should give five or ten guineas more to introduce ignorance, nakedness, famine, and death, I should contradict religion, reason and myself.—No arguments can possibly reconcile to my mind such glaring inconsistency. I subscribe these one hundred words, for any wise and good use you can make of them.

"G. M."

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*ANECDOTE of a Cow.*—Some years ago having occasion to reside for some time at a farmhouse in the country, I was much alarmed one morning, by the unusual bellowing of a cow under the window of the apartment wherein I was sitting; looking out I perceived her to be one belonging to a herd, which I previously understood were inclosed in a field near a mile distant; alarmed at her appearance, I went out in order to take her back, but as soon as I left the house she ran before me, apparently in the greatest concern, frequently looking back to see if I was following; in this manner she continued across several fields, till she brought me to the brink of a deep and dangerous morass; where, to my great surprise, I beheld one of her associates nearly enveloped in the swamp underneath. The distressed animal, after much difficulty, was extricated from its perilous situation, to the no small satisfaction of the other, which seemed to caress and lick it, as if it had been one of her own offspring.

Every observer of the animal creation must be aware, what a regular degree of subordination exists among herds of cattle that have been long accustomed to ruminate together; the instinct of the cow in this respect, is by no means the least predominant. When a farmer makes his first selection, he, of course, has a great variety of the same species, and (if we may presume to judge from analogy) endued with a diversity of dispositions; hence, for some time it is entertaining to behold the many disputed points that arise among the candidates for precedence, before the business can be amicably adjusted; for it is very observable they always walk in lineal procession, preceded by a chieftain or leader, which is unanimously acknowledged by the whole herd; the rest follow in order according to their contested decisions, each being most tenacious of her allotted station.

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MANNER OF CATCHING DUCKS AND GEESE IN INDIA.

It is curious to observe the precautions wild fowl take to preserve themselves from danger, particularly the geese and Braminah ducks: the latter are very beautiful birds, of a deep orange colour, with white ruffs round their necks, and of a size somewhat larger than Muscovy ducks. Before they venture to indulge themselves in the water, they post a sentry on the most elevated spot, with as much regularity as a guard of soldiers: sheep, cattle, and other animals approach his post without exciting alarm; but no sooner does their grand enemy, man, particularly an European, make his appearance, although at a considerable distance, than the sentry gives a signal, which the rest immediately attend to, by leaving off their sports and preparing for flight. If the person continues to advance towards them, the sentry gives another signal and springs up into the air, where he is followed by the rest of the flock, so that it is extremely difficult to get within shot of them. They are, however, hardly worth much trouble, as they are in general rank and ill-flavoured; but the widgeons, duck, and teal are excellent, and they abound in every part of the country in astonishing numbers. The natives have an odd way of catching them, which, on account of its singularity, I cannot avoid mentioning.

The sportsman repairs to the scene of action early in the morning, before day light, with a bag, an earthen pot, some clods of earth and grass, and a few small green boughs; he approaches the lake in the part most remote from his game, and proceeds in his operations with the greatest silence and circumspection; the bag is fastened round his middle, in such a manner that it may hang down before him; he then slips gently into the water up to the chin, and covers his head with the earthen pot, the sides of which had previously been perforated with several holes to admit the air, as well as to enable him to see his way; the outside of the pot is covered with the clods of earth and the green boughs, which give it the resemblance of a detached fragment of the bank.

Thus disguised, he creeps along towards his game, taking care not to go beyond his depth; the unsuspecting ducks gambol about, and nibble at the grass on the pot unconscious of the foe lurking beneath: he now proceeds to business, and catching hold of one of them by the leg, with a sudden, but silent jerk, pulls it under water, dislocates the neck, and then crams it into his bag; the sudden disappearance of the bird excites no alarm in the others, as they naturally conclude that it was merely diving in sport: he goes on in this manner until he fills his bag, when he retreats with the same caution he advanced, and carries his prize to the next station, to sell to the Europeans, as birds of every description are held in the utmost abhorrence by the Hindoos as an article of food: and the Mahometans, like the Jews, eat nothing but what has had its vital blood shed on the ground, and a particular form of prayer repeated at the time.

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TALMA, the comedian, lately went to Petersburg. He was there received by the grand duke Constantine with that familiarity natural to barbarous courts, where, as Montesquieu says, they make a blackguard a prince, and a prince a blackguard. Talma one day entered the apartments of the grand duke Constantine, in a magnificently embroidered dress without first demanding leave to pay his court to his highness. Upon his entrance, the grand duke looked at him for some time, and at last exclaimed—"My God, they have you a king too!"

## ENGLISH OBSTINACY.

CHARLES, the sixth duke of Somerset, had a great aversion to being looked at or spoken to by inferiors. His servants obeyed him by signs, and when he went into the country the roads were previously cleared. His servant one day being employed in the customary service, met a countryman driving a hog, whom he haughtily bid to "get out of the way." "Why?" said the surly rustic. "Because my lord duke is coming, and he don't like to be looked at." The countryman enraged, seized the hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I wool zee him, and my pig shall zee him too."

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The manager of a company of wax-work figures at Guildford, having obtained permission of the mayor to place one of the *female* performers on the leads of the market-house, as a lure, on the market day; a farmer who had just arrived in town, inquired of the landlord of a public house for what offence the *good woman* was placed in that conspicuous situation? He was told that it was for having exposed butter for sale short of weight. "By the *Leard* (says the farmer) perhaps my dame will be placed there too, for she is coming to market with butter." With that he turned his horse and galloped back, and having met her they both returned home, informing all their neighbours coming to Guildford, what they might expect if their butter was short of weight. Of course, the alarm spread, and the supply of the article was greatly deficient at market that day.

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A story is at present in circulation, which contributes greatly to amuse the ladies and gentlemen of the *haut ton*. After the late investigation in the House of Commons, a certain illustrious personage was having a conversation with the lady under his protection on the subject of withdrawing the bond by which she holds her annuity, and of allowing her the sum in another way; whereupon that lady tore off the bottom of a play bill, which happened to lie on the table, and presented it to her *cher ami*, who on perusing the scrap, found it to contain the following laconic sentence.—"No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up."



DURING the masquerade at the Pantheon, a person who entered in the character of *Barber* was asked what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? when the tonsor replied, "Because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

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## AN INSULT PROPERLY RESENTED.

A performer at one of the theatres, who had been accustomed to perform the cock, in *Hamlet*, was so extremely mortified at being deprived of this very respectable part, that his spirit could not brook the outrage—and he accordingly abandoned the company, thus depriving them of the advantage of his extraordinary talents.

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A few days since, a man charged with having committed some petty offence, was taken before the mayor of a borough in the county of Essex, who after a very patient investigation of the charge, told the prisoner that he thought there were sufficient grounds for committing him. "I'll tell you what, your lordship," replied the prisoner you "know better—you know you cant commit me." "What" exclaimed the mayor, "cant I—I'll bet you half a crown of that," and immediately drew the money from his breeches pocket, and threw it down upon the table.

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## CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF L' ABBE MOLIERE.

The abbe Moliere who had distinguished himself in France by his observations on the astronomical systems of Descartes, was so extremely simple in his manners, that taken from astronomy, he was a stranger to every thing. He was so poor that having no servant and often not even wood to make a fire, he would study in his bed, in which he would sit up with his small clothes placed upon his head by way of night cap, the legs hanging over his shouders; and thus accoutred, pursue the deepest speculations.—While writing one morning in this curious position, he heard a knock at the door. "Who is there?" cried the abbe, "come in." A person entered, whom the abbe did not notice, but continued writing, till roused by the intruder, who demanded his money. "Money!" said the astonished Moliere—"yes, your money," replied the

other.—“O, I understand, you are a thief.”—“Thief or no thief, I must have money.”—“Indeed! very well, feel in this pocket,” turning one leg of his small clothes towards the villain. No money was however to be found. “Here then,” said the abbe, “take this key; go to that closet and open the third drawer in the bottom of the book case.” The thief opened the second.—“Ah! leave that alone, those are my papers, dont disturb them—you’ll find the money in the next.”—The thief found it. “Now shut the drawer;” but the other waited not for that ceremony but betook himself to flight.—“Mr. Thief pray shut the door—diable, he has left it open; what a rascal of a thief! I must get up in the cold to shut it; deuce take him.” Thus saying, the abbe jumped out of bed, shut the door, and resumed his labours.

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LONGEVITY.

No part of England, perhaps is more distinguished than Whitehaven and its neighbourhood, for producing hale and vigorous old men; men, whose age (to borrow a comparison from Shakspeare), is a lusty winter, *frosty* but *kindly*.—A short time since, a *knot* of the above description unintentionally met at the Three Tons, in that town, not by design, but by mere casualty, they dropped in one by one; so that in the course of less than four minutes, five persons were assembled, the oldest of whom a repairer of shoes, can with wonderful promptitude read the smallest print without spectacles. After surveying each other with a look rather *inquisitive* than *familiar*, one of them was asked his age, who replied,

“My ancient friends—I’m not a last year’s calf,  
For I have seen three centuries and a half.

At which last words they marvelled greatly. The enigma was quickly solved, by referring to their united ages.

The years they had respectively numbered were put down as follows: 88, 72, 71, 66, 62—total 359.—These five *antideluvians*, with a *moderation* favourable to the *continuance* of their enjoyments, drank each of them just  $1\frac{1}{2}$  worth of purl, and then separated, highly diverted with the interview.

The late madame Schellenberg was fondly addicted to the since fashionable practice among her own sex of riding upon donkeys. Having once newly purchased a fine male ass, she proceeded with him into the meadows. Unhappily for his rider, he perceived some she asses in the field adjoining, and began kicking up his heels with such violence, that his comely burthen was soon laid sprawling on the ground. Recovering herself from the shock, she hastened back to the palace, and entering immediately into the royal presence, recounted the particulars of her disaster, adding with considerable emotion,

“She would never ride a man ass again.”

Her misuse of the terms of our language, in thus applying *man* where *male* is adopted by us, produced, as may be supposed, much merriment among her royal patrons. His majesty, in particular, is said to have laughed very heartily at hearing her pathetic resolution.

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Dr. Moore, father of the late heroic Sir J. Moore, used to relate the following anecdote with great humour.—A French student of medicine lodged in the same house in London, with a man in a fever. This man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, although he nauseated the insipid liquors she offered him. At last when she was more importunate than usual, he said to her, “for God sake bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please.—The woman indulged him: he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered. Whereupon the French student inserted this aphorism in his journal,

“A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever.”

On the student's return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to his first patient in a fever. The patient died:—on which the student inserted in his journal the following *caveat*.

“N. B.—Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it *kills* a Frenchman.”

## THE GAME OF BACK-SWORD.

*(With a Plate.)*

THIS month's Mirror presents our readers with an engraving taken from an excellent drawing made in England to illustrate the manly game of Back Sword, or Single stick, on which subject the following article selected from a British magazine, is given to accompany the print.

Back-sword, or Single-stick, is a game of high antiquity and the most warlike extant. When the fate of nations was principally decided in battle by the sword, it was the policy of our ancestors to render its use familiar to the bulk of the population; hence arose the courtly tournament, and the plebeian exhibitions at wakes and festivals of courage and skill, in sword and dagger, sword and pollid, cudgels, back-sword, &c. &c. The prizes for which still remain annually given in many parts: thus were formed those heroes, who carried triumphant the British standard, "o'er the vine covered hills and gay vallies of France;" and though the fire of artillery now generally rules the battle, yet the use made of the sword in modern warfare, warrants every encouragement being given to a game, so productive of intrepidity and confidence in its use, which the practice of back-sword must, in combats of hand to hand, inspire. With a view to its more general encouragement, I send you the following rules of the game, premising that the stage should not be less than sixteen feet square, the ring of ropes from forty to fifty feet diameter.

The basket sticks to be three feet two inches in length.

The winner of most heads to carry the prize.

Should a stick break, or fall out of the hand, and the adversary, not observing, strike, and the blow so given draw blood, the head nevertheless, is not to be allowed.

No head to be allowed, except the blood runs an inch above the chin.

The umpire to decide all disputes.

The tyers to play with one another in the order they become tyers; that is, the winner of the first head to play with the winner of the second, the winner of the third with the fourth, and so on.

The first tyer being on the stage, the second is called, and if he appears not to play the first, after being repeatedly called, he



loses his right to further play, and the third tyer is called; if he appears not, the fourth is called, &c. &c. and if none appears to dispute the prize, it is adjudged to the first tyer.

If the tyers are played regularly off, supposing the tyers to be four, being each winners of one head, then the two winners of these four being then tyers of two heads each, play for the prize.

If the number of tyers is uneven (suppose three), then the winner of the first head plays with the winner of the second, and the winner of these plays the remaining tyer, the prize belonging to the victor.

When two parties play together, if one side gets six heads out of seven, and supposing the players to be seven aside, yet the seventh may insist on playing till he loses his own or wins the other heads, in which case he carries the prize.

Wilts and Somerset are the most famous counties for this pastime: it is partially practised in Hants, Berks, Dorset, Bucks and the neighbouring counties, where, perhaps it is only necessary to bring it into more general use, to furnish at the several fairs the prizes usually given; viz. a hat with gold or silver lace of from fifteen to thirty shillings value, or a purse of from twenty to fifty shillings.

The lord of the manor of Buckelsbury, Berks, gives the first Monday in August, a hat value 25*s.* and 2*s.* to the winner and 1*s.* to the loser of each head; also a hat of the value of 10*s.* 6*d.* to the best wrestler.

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#### FOX HOUNDS.

At the beginning of the present month, the beagles of Mr. G. Osbaldeston had a most extraordinary run. A fox was turned down before them near Wold Newton, Yorkshire, and after running rings for some time, went off for Scarborough, near which place the hounds were so completely knocked up, that he beat them almost in view—for the huntsman could not get them a yard further.—A number of riders lost their horses in the Caro, and were seen wading up to their necks to catch them again. It was supposed the fox ran upwards of twenty miles.

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*Cambridge, February 15.*—On Monday Mr. Denn's hounds met at Honey-Hill, and after trying that without finding, they drew on to Boxworth Springs, in the second of which they

found. No fox ever went away more gallantly across the open to Knapwell Grove, but being there unfortunately headed by one of the blue coated gentry, he retraced his former ground, when owing to the storminess of the weather, he was soon lost. They then went to Elsworth wood and immediately the hounds were thrown in such a way as to break reynard in the finest style possible, over the open through Swansley grove, right away from Bourne, turned short to the right and tried Caxton earths, found those stopped, and leaving Caxton town, made past Bourne, right away for Stowe wood, through that and Kingston wood, to Coombe grove, on to lord Hardwicke's park at Wimpole, where scorning the earths, he broke away through Cobb's wood, for Eversdon, when horses, hounds, and men, were all so completely knocked up, that the huntsman, considering his great distance from the kennel, thought best to give up the pursuit. No hounds ever behaved better, or were more deserving of their fox. The whole run was an entire burst of one hour and twenty minutes, over the deepest country imaginable. There was a numerous field of sportsmen out, but not above three or four who got a good start fairly rode to the hounds; and to many it was probably a fortunate circumstance, in a chase like this.

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*Pedestrianism.*—Mr. Howe, the walker, who started on Wednesday the 8th inst. to go to Exeter from London, and return thither in six days, being 346 miles, at the rate of 58 a day, has struck modern walkers with astonishment. The pedestrian started at four o'clock in the morning, and arrived near Andover (64 miles) at nine o'clock at night, his longest stoppage having been half an hour at Basingstoke; but the following day he walked 70 miles, and on the third day he dined at Exeter, stopped there three hours, and returned to Honiton to sleep, 16 miles towards London. But the fourth day Mr. Howe reached within nine miles of Salisbury; and slept at a public house, near Basingstoke on the fifth night; and he performed the other 49 miles comfortably, by six o'clock in the evening on the sixth day. The match was for 200 guineas, and Mr. Howe stood half the stake. Captain Hewetson, the pedestrian, ran two miles on the Uxbridge road, on Tuesday the 21st, in three seconds under ten minutes, at two starts, for a wager of fifty guineas.

*Coursing with Grayhounds.*—All the meetings in the south differ from the Malton meeting in running for the prize cup. For the south, each member subscribes to it, and if present starts a dog, which are drawn by lot to run against each other, two and two.—The next day the winners of the preceding day run against each other, till all the dogs are run off; and lastly the two winners of the whole start for the cup. An interest is thus kept alive through the whole meeting; the best dog is fairly ascertained; and not more than a brace of dogs are started at once, which renders the course a proper trial. This cannot be the case when five or six greyhounds are running together after one unfortunate hare.

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TAME HARES.

The following history of the hares domesticated by the amiable Cowper the poet, derives such interest not only from the subject, but the author, that we think our readers will approve of our selecting it for their information and amusement.

The hare is a very gentle animal, and when caught young is susceptible of education. The best proof that I can adduce of this, is to recite, without abridgment, Mr. Cowper's highly interesting narrative respecting his tame hares. This is inserted in some of the latest editions of his poems; but as it has not hitherto appeared in illustration of the character of the animal, in any book of natural history, I trust that, without censure, (on account of its length,) I may be allowed to introduce it here.

“ In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of one of my neighbours had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection: perceiving that, in the manage-

ment of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary I should here distinguish by the names I gave them:—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellations, I must inform you that they were *all males*. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that an earthen pan, placed under each, received whatsoever fell from them. This being regularly emptied and washed they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time, they had the range of a hall; and at night, each retired to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

“Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and carry him about in my arms; and has, more than once, fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him; kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him; (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick;) and, by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again, upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him, always after breakfast, into the garden where he hid himself, generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden, by drumming on my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not im-



mediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus, Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away; and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society, than when shut up with his natural companions.

“ Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him; he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way. Even his surliness was matter of mirth; and in his play, he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats in such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

“ Bess who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening, the cat being in the room, had the hardness to pat Bess upon the cheek; an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

“ I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact; and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from the rest; and yet to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination, in the cast of countenances, would be discoverable in hares; and

am persuaded that among a thousand of them, no two could be found exactly similar: a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in a place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole had been burnt in the carpet; it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too to be very much directed by smell in the choice of their favourites. To some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in, engaged their affection at once: his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence. He little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes; of what gratitude they are capable; how cheerful they are in their spirits; what enjoyment they have of life; and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

"That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

"I take it to be a general opinion that they graze; but it is an erroneous one: at least grass is not their staple: they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sow-thistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose, as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage whilst the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with white sand upon the floor, which, being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously. Since that time, I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a great delicacy, both the blade and stalk; but the ear they seldom eat. Straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties. They will feed greedily upon oats; but if furnished with clean straw, never want them: it serves them also for a bed; and if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a con-

siderable time. They do not, however, require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called *musk*. They seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are subject to the rot; to prevent which I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed this every evening in their chambers; for they feed only at evening and in the night. During the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit to remark, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

“Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet, and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance—a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution; but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear; nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare; but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it. They eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

“I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that hares have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose Nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.”

After Mr. Cowper's death, the following memorandum was found among his papers :

" Tuesday, March 9, 1786.—This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain."

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#### A POINTER PIG.

It is probable that a more curious fact, and at the same time one more calculated to excite ludicrous ideas, mixed with astonishment, has rarely been related, than the following history of a pig that was taught to perform the office of a pointer dog.

Those persons who have attended at all to the manners of swine, have observed, that they are by no means deficient in sagacity ; but the short lives that we allow them, and the general confinement they undergo, entirely prevent their improvement in this respect. We, however, have frequently heard of exhibitions of "*learned pigs* ;" and we know that Toomer, formerly the game keeper of Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, actually broke in a black sow to find game, back, and stand, nearly as well as a pointer.

This sow, which was a thin, long-legged animal, (one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed,) when very young, took a great partiality to some pointer puppies, that Toomer, then under-keeper of Broomy Lodge, in the New Forest, was breaking. It played and often came to feed with them. From this circumstance, it occurred to Toomer, (to use his own expression,) that, having broken many a dog, as obstinate as a pig, he would try if he could not also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal would often go out with the puppies to some distance from home; and he enticed it farther by a sort of pudding made of barley meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. The other he filled with stones, which he threw at the pig, whenever she misbehaved, as he was not able to catch and correct her in the same manner that he did his dogs. He informed Sir Henry Mildmay, who has been so obliging as to supply me with this account, that he found the animal very tractable, and that he soon taught her what he wished, by this mode of reward and punishment. Sir Henry Mildmay says that he has frequently seen her out with Toomer, when she quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood when she



came on game, (having an excellent nose,) and backed other dogs as well as he ever saw a pointer. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So staunch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomer, grunting very loudly for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomer died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage-net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the extraordinary animal never failed to point it, in the manner above described. Sir Henry was, at length, obliged to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life. A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, the animal was detected in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they were fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs. Toomer, who sold her to Mr. Sykes, of Brookwood, in the New Forest; where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.

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## DEATH OF A GAME CHICKEN.

DIED, lately the celebrated pugilistic hero *Henry Pearce*, alias the *Game Chicken*, and once the champion of England. His fighting career was put an end to by a complaint of the lungs, brought on by dissipated habits, and which at length produced his dissolution.

The title of champion of England has, from time to time, been bestowed on various candidates for pugilistic fame; but certainly it was never more justly bestowed than on the person in question; for in the numerous contests in which he has been engaged, he never was obliged to yield the palm of victory. Pearce was a native of Bristol, which has, of late years, been so celebrated for producing heroes. He was about thirty years of age, stout and athletic in appearance, from five feet nine to ten

inches high. Although a professor of boxing he never was involved in pot-house brawls or casual *rencontres*.

The first battle of note which he fought, was with a man of colour at Bath, who had been for some years the dread of that neighbourhood. He obtained a hard earned victory, after a contest of upwards of an hour. He was much inferior in point of strength to his adversary, and was indebted for his success to what may be termed a cautious *cunning* system of fighting, rather than to a proficiency in the art. Soon after this, the fame and rewards of Belcher having been spread far and near, Pearce was tempted to try his fortune in London as a bruiser, and accordingly he went there at the particular request of Belcher, who, having declared his intention of retiring from the ring, promised him the patronage of all his friends. Pierce first entered the lists with Bourke, whom Belcher had twice beaten, and they fought in a room in St. Martin's-lane by candle-light. The conflict was short and desperate, and in a quarter the Bristol hero was declared the victor.

The bottom he evinced on this occasion procured him the name of the *Game Chicken*; upon which he crowed defiance to all the game cocks in the kingdom, Belcher excepted, (it being his intention not to pit himself against any of the Bristol breed.) Gully was at this time in the Fleet for debt, and being anxious to fight his way out, he proposed a combat with the Chicken, which took place for a purse of one hundred guineas: on this occasion Gully distinguished himself as a man of bottom and science; but after an hour's conflict, was compelled to yield to superior strength and experience.

The Chicken's next *rencontre* was with Elias Spray, the coppersmith, on Moulsey Hurst, and there he gained fresh laurels; for Spray was a man of great strength, and about the middle of the battle, placing a blow on the temple of the Chicken, it required some dexterity on his part to carry on the contest until he recovered from its effects. This battle, however, being won by the Chicken, he was challenged by a countryman of the name of Cart, who held his opponent but a short tug, for the battle was nearly decided in the first round, the Chicken planting

his favourite blow in the jugular vein, which completely disabled his antagonist.

The Chicken now became a great favourite with the amateurs; he excited the envy of Belcher, who had during his retirement, the misfortune to lose an eye; besides by keeping late hours he had greatly impaired his constitution. In this state he prepared to fight the Chicken, and the battle took place in Yorkshire, much against the wish and advice of Belcher's best friends. The debilitated state of Belcher, and the disadvantage he laboured under from the want of an eye, gave the Chicken an easy conquest, which under other circumstances, would have cost him dear. This was the last battle the Chicken was ever engaged in. His constitution from this time gradually decayed; and his death, if not entirely originating in dissipation, was undoubtedly accelerated by it. Finding his dissolution at hand he expressed a desire to see his relations from Bristol; and his father, among the rest, took leave of him in the morning. Sometime before his death, Pearce was impressed with sentiments of religion, and requested a clergyman to assist him in his devotions. He hoped forgiveness from all those whom he might have ill treated in the way of his profession, and declared, with his last breath, that he died in charity with all men.

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POETRY.

The following excellent lines, are extracted from the poetical works of the late professor Richardson, so well known by his essays on Shakspeare.

ON SLAVERY.

Misery, worse than death,  
When free born men, endowed with godlike powers,  
With generous passions glowing, are compell'd  
To obey the wild desires, or mean caprice  
Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance,

The heart revolts, and Virtue cries aloud  
Against the deed ! Chill'd by unkindly blights  
Their opening virtues languish and decay.  
Their features lose the liberal air of Truth  
And open Candour. Dark Suspicion clouds  
Their low'ring visage ; and Deceit perverts  
Their flattering speech. When Pride and Avarice warp,  
Th' oppressor's heart, bar his relentless ear  
Against the prayer of Pity, and erase  
The sense of Merit from his darken'd soul,  
What shield can Weakness to his ravenous grasp  
Oppose, but dastard Guile ? Can those who groan  
Beneath the inhuman task, whose rueful pangs,  
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate  
And thirst of vengeance in the soul, indulge  
Tender emotions, and the glowing heart ?  
O ! ye, who roll the eye of fierce Disdain,  
Impute not to the trembling tortur'd slave,  
Condemn'd by partial Fortune, to endure  
The stripes of Avarice, and the scorn of Pride,  
Impute not Guile, or an unfeeling breast.  
Ye teach him feelings ! your insatiate rage  
His hate exasperates, and inflames his heart  
With rancour and unusual wrath. 'Twas thus  
Th' *Iberian* humanized the guiltless tribes  
Who roam'd Peruvian forests, and the banks  
Of Orellane, what time convuls'd and torn  
With agony, the tortured sires bequeath'd  
Resentment to their sons. 'Twas then their hearts  
Throbb'd with new horror ; with unwonted ire  
The wild eye redden'd, and the virtues fled !  
The gentle virtues ! In their stead arose  
Dismay, the counsellor of dastard deeds ;  
Revenge and ruthless Hatred. Then were heard  
Wailings and weeping ; howl'd the desert caves,  
And Nature, from the roaring torrent sigh'd.



## THE COTTAGER'S TALE.

The sky is clear and warm the day,  
Along this lane I'll take my way,  
Where hazles form an arch of green,  
And pendant, clust'ring nuts are seen:  
Embosom'd in the bank below,  
The Spring's first violets breathe and blow,  
Or round loose roots, on mossy mould,  
The vernal primroses unfold.  
Fresh from the slope, behind the fence,  
The garden's fragrance greets the sense.  
Through the slight hatch my eyes explore  
The tiny track to yonder door,  
Border'd with flowers of ev'ry hue,  
That scent the gale, and drink the dew.  
O ! I admire that cot so neat,  
Above Ambition's proudest seat :  
There the trim roof in ev'ry part,  
Displays the thatcher's humble art ;  
Around the lonely windows twine  
The honeysuckle and the vine ;  
Beneath the sheltering eaves, secure,  
The martin's mud-built domes endure,  
From year to year, and long shall stand,  
Untouch'd by sacrilegious hand :  
From annual pilgrimages come,  
Each season here they find a home,  
And with a fond parental care,  
Their num'rous progeny they rear,  
That still a constant clamour keep,  
And from their nursery-window peep.  
Here, too, the circling swallows stop,  
And twitter in the chimney top ;  
Finch, linnet, robin, gay and free—  
Make vocal ev'ry apple tree ;  
And there with thickest leaves o'erhung,  
They build their nests and tend their young.

But now a ruder music hear !  
 The clanging brass salutes the ear,  
 With sounds that charm the swarming bees,  
 To settle on the neighb'ring trees :  
 And see the dame their flight pursue,  
 With anxious eyes and caution due ;  
 Till, stooping from their circling height,  
 On one selected bough they light,  
 And in a living cluster press'd,  
 Their humming wings are hush'd to rest.

## VISITOR.

Good morrow, dame !—you've luck to day,  
 That will your trouble well repay :  
 Your hives increase—your treasures swell ;  
 Hence I presume, you manage well.

## DAME.

I do my best: the consequence  
 I always leave to Providence ;  
 Assured, that he casts his eye  
 On the young ravens when they cry,  
 The father, friend and God of all,  
 Will not forsake me when I call.

## VISITOR.

True, Goody ! but, amid their bliss,  
 Your great ones seldom think of this.

## DAME.

O ! I could such a tale unfold,  
 As seldom has been heard or told.  
 But sit you down beneath this tree,  
 For company I seldom see—  
 Save once a year, when fair-folks come,  
 In many a jovial troop from home.  
 Although (you'll blame me not for that)  
 I love a little harmless chat,  
 For with old age is still combin'd  
 This common failing of our kind.

## VISITOR.

Then while your swarm is settling near,  
 I fain your honest tale would hear;  
 'Twill heart-perplexing thoughts allay,  
 And pass a vacant hour away.

## DAME.

Why of the world and how things go,  
 Believe me, little do I know;  
 But then, tis 'pleasant to retrace  
 Events that formerly took place:  
 To speak of happiness gone by,  
 And drop a tear, and heave a sigh.  
 Here forty years from first to last,  
 Of pensive widowhood I've pass'd,  
 And still on God have I relied  
 And still my wants have been supplied.

## VISITOR.

Is, then, this cottage, dame, your own,  
 And do you here reside alone?

## DAME.

This humble cottage is my own,  
 And here content, I live alone;  
 In summer's garden toils I find  
 Amusement for the hands and mind.  
 When winter's nipping cold sets in,  
 I stir my fire, and knit and spin;  
 And when a cloud of trouble rolls,  
 My bible still my heart consoles.  
 Before me here, my parents liv'd,  
 And here my breath I first receiv'd;  
 The land is ours: and thus you see,  
 It came into the family:—

My grandmother, a widow, left,  
 Of ev'ry earthly hope bereft,  
 With two small children strove in vain  
 A scanty maintenance to gain.

Now see that elm on yonder hill !  
It stood there then—it stands there still,  
Beneath that tree which shades the steep,  
She laid her younger babe to sleep,  
While gleaning o'er the stubble ground,  
She rang'd the harvest fields around.  
Dry sheaves compos'd the infant's bed,  
And sheaves erected screen'd its head;  
There poppies, straw, and corn flowers gay,  
Amus'd the trifler as he lay,  
Till as he smil'd, and toy'd, and wept,  
Sweet slumbers o'er his eyelids crept.

I tell the tale and what befel,  
Just as my mother used to tell—  
Ere long the distant wood resounds  
With music of the opening hounds ;  
And there the horn's shrill notes delay,  
Till in the wind they die away.  
As round and round for many a mile,  
Poor puss exerted every wile,  
Through furze, and brake, o'er down and dale,  
As swift as flies the morning gale,  
At length o'er yonder hill so high,  
Burst all the barriers in full cry ;  
Dogs, horsemen, followers line the steep,  
And through the rushing stubble sweep :  
The harvest hinds from labour pause,  
And in rude rapture shout applause.

The mother saw, with terror wild,  
The danger of her darling child :  
When near its bed the hunter drew,  
As swiftly to the place she flew ;  
But ere she reach'd the spot, she found  
Dogs, horses, men, had clos'd it round.  
Loud was the clamour, rude the yell—  
Alas ! her feelings who can tell !—  
The hounds were bath'd in sweat and gore,  
And still their reeking prey they tore,



Half seen amid the savage throng,  
Regardless of the lashing thong.  
Then Fancy painted to her eyes,  
Her babe—a helpless sacrifice !  
She wrung her hands in anguish wild,  
And cried aloud—" my child ! my child !"  
No more she knew—no more could say,  
But swoon'd, and sunk, and senseless lay.  
The hare was dead—her dirge they blew,  
Then held her, bleeding, up to view ;  
The babe, though rous'd, lay safe the while,  
And heard the tumult with a smile,  
Rais'd both its hands, its friends to greet,  
And sprang, and stretch'd its little feet.

The frantic mother, soon restor'd,  
Aloud her fancied loss deplor'd ;  
Nor could they check her anguish wild,  
But still she rav'd—" my child ! my child !"

With much ado, and patience tried,  
Her mind at length, they pacified,  
Convinc'd her that in vain she griev'd,  
And that her much-lov'd babe still liv'd.

The 'squire, the best of men ! was there,  
Who heard her tale, and sooth'd her care ;  
And then his honour did engage  
To shield from want her widow'd age.  
Nor was the promise idle found,  
For this same cot and garden ground,  
As far as yonder winding road,  
He on her family bestow'd ;  
Good learning to her children gave  
And smooth'd her passage to the grave.  
My father next—the same you see,  
Whose life was spar'd beneath that tree—  
This humble mansion occupied,  
And here he liv'd and here he died.

Here was I born; and since that day;  
 Have eighty summers roll'd away;  
 But now my race is almost run,  
 And fast descends my ev'ning sun;  
 Yet, when my view I backward cast,  
 Recounting all the mercies past,  
 How can my heart indulge a care,  
 Or yield one moment to despair.

—  
 SOLILOQUY—TO MY FIRE.

'Twas Winter's reign—the witching time o' night !  
 When wizard spells have power to raise the dead,  
 That musing upon days of past delight,  
 I sat alone when all were gone to bed.

Upon the hearth, the dying embers fell,  
 Emblem of man, and emblem of his fate,  
 And seem'd though silent, this sad truth to tell,  
 Unpitied fall the ashes of the *great*.

“And thus” I answered, “sanguine boyhood glows,  
 His prospects brighter than yon glowing fire—  
*One* moment Love a flame within him blows,  
 Which, quench'd by Scorn, will in the *next* expire.

“And thus, some fair in youth and beauty blooms,  
 Attracting round her many a brilliant *spark*—  
 But when that youth and beauty time consumes,  
 Love is extinguished too, and all is dark !

“And thus the proud one for a time may shine,  
 With glittering pomp the multitude control,  
 Yet pomp and glitter must be soon resign'd,  
 And turn to ashes like yon blacken'd coal !

“What then is man?—a vapour from his birth,  
 That lives by *puffing*, dies away in *smoke* ;  
 And when the *shovel* lays him in the earth,  
 The *tongues* of thousands give his deeds a poke.

## THE SLIGHTED MAID.

'Mong briers, roses blossom wild,  
 The air around perfuming.  
 So Lilla blossom'd, Nature's child  
 As sweet, and still more blooming :  
 But like, too like the rose was born,  
 For deep conceal'd there lay a thorn.

The thorn that fester'd in her heart  
 Alas ! was past relieving,  
 And oft' unbidden tears would start  
 And sighs her breast be heaving,  
 And secret love that dares not speak  
 Fed early on her damask cheek.

Her bitter was soon turn'd her brain,  
 Wos, which all hope had blighted,  
 Heart broken, she ne'er smil'd again,  
 For oh, her love was *slighted* !  
 And now she neither sighs nor weeps,  
 For neath the willow tree she sleeps.

## THE FINE PLEASANT FELLOW.

## A PARODY.

See, the school-hour is o'er, and the sports are begun,  
 See at cricket they halloo, they laugh—how they run !  
 A thousand strange projects resound far and near,  
 Regardless of prudence, regardless of fear,  
 Till forgetting each master's or parent's behest,  
 Gay, idle, and thoughtless, his heart light in his breast,  
 Without thought of to-morrow, of sorrow or strife,  
 The fine pleasant fellow dashes first into life.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and he joins in the chase,  
 Next he's charm'd with the sport, and the bets at a race ;  
 He games, drinks, and dances, the hours away,  
 Impatient with pleasure to fill the whole day ;

And alike fond of joys of the table or field.  
 He scorns to give out and was ne'er known to yield,  
 Till all his companions observe, with a smile,  
 That the fine pleasant fellow is living in style.

Grown older, done up, and unable to pay,  
 Diseas'd, vex'd, and fretful—yet still fond of play,  
 With those he despises he's still seen to game,  
 Still hoping to win and still careless of fame.  
 Each tradesman unpaid, who his follies supplied,  
 He stoops to all arts, and each meanness of pride !  
 Till duns, debts, and attornies each moment assail,  
 And the fine pleasant fellow is lodg'd in a jail.

There, distress'd and forsaken by foe and by friend,  
 Bow'd down by degrees he now bends to his end ;  
 Return'd to a sense of his folly too late,  
 From morning to evening he curses his fate,  
 And too proud to repent, and too late to recede,  
 With a desperate hand, does a desperate deed !  
 Whilst a terrified crowd the sad relics survey,  
 Of the fine pleasant fellow, the martyr of play !

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IMPROMPTU,

*On Miss Gayton's marriage to a clergyman.*

The gods assembled in debate,  
 About their Gayton's nuptial state,  
 A gift so glorious, good and great,  
 To whom they should assign,  
 Unanimously did agree,  
 That one—so like themselves—would be  
 Ill suited with mortality,  
 So gave her—a divine.

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*Utrum Horum ? " Which of the two ? "*

The glow which Cloe's cheeks possess,  
 Is something more than Nature's dress.



Yet such her happy knack,  
 Although she paints, there's none can boast,  
 Of knowing which she uses most,  
*Carmine or Coniac.*

## EPIGRAM.

Two jolly toppers, Sam and Hugh,  
 By tippling lost their breath :  
 For having drank to all they knew,  
 At length they drank to *Death !*

## CURIOUS EPITAPH.

*In Presbury church-yard, Cheshire.*

Beneath this stone lies Edward Green,  
 Who for cutting stone famous was seen;  
 But he was sent to apprehend  
 One Joseph Clerk, of Kerridge end,  
 For stealing deer of squire Downes,  
 Where he was shot, and died o' th' wounds.

## MISCELLANY.

The comic dramatic muse, we are pleased to learn, has been introduced into the inmost recesses of the peninsula of Indostan. The following article transcribed from a British publication, will be an interesting record, as it will serve to ascertain hereafter, what the period was at which dramatic entertainments were first introduced into the capital of Mysore.

*Harlequin's first appearance at Seringapatam.*—April 16, 1808.—The gentlemen who have so repeatedly come forward for our amusement here, again favoured us on the 15th ult. with the performance of the farce of the "Devil to Pay," and a pantomime, called "Humanity Rewarded."—the following is the outline of the fable: A magician wandering through a forest, becomes entang-

led in its mazes; his strength failing him, he is unable to exert his mystic power: exhausted, he faints and falls to the ground.—A sailor, supposed to have returned from a cruise, discovers the magician, whom he recovers, having obtained some water from a neighbouring cottage (which in his distress the magician had overlooked). The magician returns thanks, the sailor rejects them, and gives him to understand, that he only acted the part humanity had dictated. The magician, pleased with his disinterestedness, by his power, transforms him to Harlequin, and delivers him a wand extracted from the bowels of the earth. After various escapes, leaps, &c. in his interviews with Columbine, he is imprisoned, having lost his wand, which is restored to him by the magician; a reconciliation takes place, and Pantaloon, the father of Columbine, consents to their union.—The characters were all ably supported. Harlequin was admirably personated, and made some capital leaps. Columbine was equally good, and most elegantly attired, and Pantaloon appeared quite at home in the character. The scenery too was very superior;—this is the first attempt at a pantomime on this side of India: it was scarcely inferior to a performance of the kind in England. We should be glad to know how far it is honoured with approbation by the late Tippoo's subjects.

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ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a judge. "I believe you," I replied; "but every magistrate is a man before he is a judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice;" and then I related to him this tale.

"A countess, handsome enough to prejudice the most rigid judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army, against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her hair, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised

the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study, he found the tradesman in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man, out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O sir! my cause is lost.'—'Put yourself in my place,' said the judge, quite confused. 'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took a hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel, who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due."

The above anecdote is an instance of the old adage, *summum jus summa injuria*, reversed; for here, strict justice arises from a gross perversion of justice.

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AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of avarice. One consists in a solicitude to acquire wealth for the sake of those advantages which wealth bestows, and the dread of poverty and its attendant evils; the other, is an anxiety for wealth on its own account only, and which sacrifices to the attainment of it every advantage that wealth can give. The first is the exaggeration of a quality which when not carried to excess is praiseworthy, and is called economy. The other, when indulged in the extreme, produces the effect of a species of prodigality. Where is the great difference between the man who reduces himself to the want of the common necessities of life, by completing a collection of books, pictures, or medals, and the man who brings himself in effect to the same situation, for the sole end of leaving a precise sum of money to his executors? What signifies whether I starve myself and my family, because I will possess a copper farthing of Otho, or will not part with a golden guinea of king George?

But if there is more folly in one, the other is more likely to be productive of vice. A man who considers the real value of wealth as the object of his passion, will hardly refrain from acts of dishonesty when strongly tempted; but I have known many of the jackdaw hoarders, who were men of the most inviolable integrity. Of these the late Mr. Elwes, who carried this strange passion almost to madness, was a striking example.

Perhaps there is no character so seldom to be met with, as that of a man who is strictly reasonable in the value he sets on property; who can be liberal without profusion, and economical without avarice.

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TALKERS AND HEARERS.

“ — He flies the spot—alarm’d with dread,  
Lest Thirsis should begin to read. — ”

So unwilling are men to be *hearers* in society; and we find, invariably, throughout society, that it is precisely those who will not listen one moment to the narrations of another, who require the most profound attention, and unwearied nods of approbation, for their own.

The *perfect* hearer should be composed by the same receipt the duc de Sully gives for making a great statesman. He should have little feeling—and no passions.

The hearer must never be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker, or reader of his own works, like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue; and I have known a French talker *rise up and hold open* the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

A hearer *must not squint*. For *no lover* is so *jealous* as a *true talker*, who will be perpetually watching the *motion of the eyes*, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A hearer must not be a *seer of sights*. He must let a hare pass by as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt a narration by crying out at the sight of a highwayman, or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine *lost a good legacy* by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he discovered at the end of an avenue,



and announced as an acceptable hearing to the pride of the family. But it happened to be at the very time the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A hearer *must not* have a weak head; for though the talker may like he should drink with him, he does not choose that he should fall under the table till he himself is *speechless*.

He *must not* be a *news-monger*; because *times past* have already furnished the head of his patron with *all* the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, an hearer *must not* be a wit. I remember one of this profession, being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good *seaman*, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked "If it was by *Shrewsbury* clock." It happened the person so interrogated had not read Shakspeare, which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

*Silence*, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely the suppression of the action of the tongue: it is necessary that every muscle of the face, and member of the body, should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

A hearer *must not* have the fidgets. He *must not* start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He *must not* sniff with his nostrils if he smell fire; because though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

✱ —

The amiable Cumberland whose age seems to have no way impaired the fecundity of his muse, has given to the public another Comedy intitled *The Widow's only Son*. Unfortunately the vigour of his pen bears no proportion to its facility, and from what is said of this last of his works in the public prints and we are led to conclude that it is one of the most feeble of his productions—The following detail of the plot of this play and critical remarks upon

it, are taken from a work much celebrated for the truth and elegance of its critical disquisitions.

#### THE 'PLOT.

The widow *Montalbert*, who had recently lost her husband, is left in a state of pecuniary distress; her son, *Frederick*, arrives from the University of Cambridge, and is induced, from prudential considerations, and in the hope to relieve his mother, to listen to a proposal from *Lord Fungus*, which is communicated by *Heartley*, to become his literary companion, and white-wash his intellects.

*Sir Marmaduke*, his uncle, who is upon ill terms with his nephew, although the cause of his antipathy is not duly made out, hath a personal interview with *Lord Fungus*, and proposes a union between *Frederick* and *Caroline*, which is rejected by her father, upon the score of *Frederick's* inferiority; which is an event that rouses the family pride of *Sir Marmaduke*, and they part with sentiments of mutual disrespect. An *equivoque* is engendered by this circumstance, from the fear that *Lord Fungus* entertains that the knight will challenge him.

In this state of events, *Frederick* is announced to *Lady Fungus* and *Caroline*, and has the good fortune to render himself agreeable to them both. *Lord Spangle*, who is the destined husband of *Caroline*, arrives during this interview, and affronts *Caroline* by his contemptuous demeanor, and *Frederick* by his direct insolence. A scene occurs between *Sir Marmaduke* and *Isaac*, his steward, in which the latter pleads with great zeal in behalf of *Frederick*, and at length succeeds in restoring him to the protection of *Sir Marmaduke*. After a succession of incidents, which are not fraught with too much novelty or force, a matrimonial alliance is effected between *Caroline* and *Frederick*, on the declaration by his uncle, that he will immediately put him in possession of his castle and domain. *Lord Spangle* is cashiered by the young lady as a contemptible suitor, and, what is somewhat extraordinary, gives the only proof that he is susceptible of either good sense or good manners, when he is retiring under the heavy infliction of being despised by his mistress for his utter want of both.

We have given the plot of this piece, in order that we may be justified to our readers in some remarks which we shall make on the peculiar talents of Mr. Cumberland.

The present piece has the name of Comedy, without any of its constituent qualities—It has a fable too flimsy for a modern novel, and incidents too trite for the narrative of a tea-table—It has characters so ungracefully out of nature, so ingeniously dull, and so laboriously mawkish, that it is no ordinary praise of invention in Mr. Cumberland, that he has given to the artificial beings of the drama so perfect a nonentity, so absolute an uncreate nothingness.

*Caroline*, the heroine of this Comedy, exhausted her own lungs, and the patience of the audience, by a sentimental loquacity, in which much meandering language was employed without the burthen of one idea of novelty. She is meant, we suppose, as a pattern of female elegance according to the standard in the mind of the author; but certainly we never encountered on the modern stage, a more forward and disagreeable young chit. She seemed to carry her virtue as loosely as her tongue, and her affected candour was a kind of meretricious gilding which destroyed all the effect of a chaste delineation.

*Frederick*, the hero, was a pedantic insipid prig, full of formal compliment and mechanical manners. The other beings of the piece were only distinguished, as they rose or fell, more or less, in this frigorific barometer. They were all infinitely below the freezing point, and touched the very Nadir of dulness.

This Comedy, however, by means of a certain portion of inoffensiveness, by a kind of bleating innocence, and an exemption from some of the grosser artifices of disgust, got safely into port, and was securely anchored under a plentiful discharge of common place clap traps from a fortress of loyalty.

Mr. Cumberland has so long been distinguished as a stage-writer, that we shall venture, though perhaps somewhat out of place, to make a few remarks on his peculiar talents, and, in so doing, on that species of comedy of which he is the dramatic parent.

The modern Drama appears to have laid aside a rule which our ancient writers justly considered as the basis of Comedy, that it should not only be an imitation of familiar life, but that such situations and such characters should be selected, that, though still within the sphere of common life, the representation should have no less novelty than truth. They considered it equally fundamental

in this species of writing, as in others, to observe the point where the trite and familiar, the natural and the gross, became confounded—They possessed ease without inanity, and strength without coarseness.

Mr. Cumberland, whom we have called the father of the sentimental drama, has perhaps exalted and degraded this species of Comedy more than any other author of the age—He has shown us, in himself, the extremes of its excellencies and defects—Like the hero in Virgil, he has bound the living soul with the dead body, and in almost every play which he has written since the *West Indian*, he has been cankering, corrupting, and wasting away the life and spirit which he first gave to this species of writing.

The plays of Mr. Cumberland, with the single exception of the *West Indian*, are distinguished by a sickly sentiment, a pedantic humour, virtue out of place, common situations most ungracefully placed upon stilts, and absolutely nothing of real life and manners.

Comedy is an imitation of real life—It is not, however, every representation of real life, which constitutes what we have been accustomed to consider as Comedy—The aim of Comedy is to please—we are pleased with the representation of passion and of action from sympathy: we are pleased with the ridiculous from a natural propensity of an opposite nature.—Such, therefore, are the suitable objects of Comedy; Passions, in which we can sympathise, and Folly which we can understand.—Here is the defect of the greater part of the characters, whether grave or gay, of Mr. Cumberland's comedies—Their humour is not domestic, not such as we understand, or have been accustomed to; and their gravity is a cold formal virtue, as outrageously above human nature as it is beyond all ordinary feeling.

The manners of his characters are not those of human beings either in real or imagined conditions; and the language which he assigns to them wants the point and familiarity of dramatic dialogue.

In a word, we have long wished that Mr. Cumberland had left off writing for the stage; *turpe senex miles*—Why should he covet, like the stag, to die where he was first roused. When the vigorous progeny of his youthful pen have ceased to inhabit the stage, let him not thus haunt it with spectres.—For the genius and



learning, and, above all, for the virtue of Mr. Cumberland, we have a sincere reverence.—We wish him the honourable *requiem* of genius in the dignified tranquillity of his study ; we do not desire to see him totter from the stage, in the decay of his vigour, and the decrepitude of his fame.

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#### PRESENT STATE OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE has lately published a work upon the condition of the British stage, in which his lordship has displayed much taste, judgment, and profound knowledge of the subject.—We think the following extract from it will afford our readers not only pleasure, but much information on the business of theatres and the drama.

“OUR two theatres,” says his lordship, “are both too large; not too large for the receipt at the door, but for the gratification of the eye and ear, two members of the human body that formerly were a little more consulted by the constructors of playhouses. There are few places in which any change of the countenance of the actor can be observed, or where the human voice can force its way; and from this arises that decline so notorious both in tragic writers and in the tragic actors. What man of genius can be induced to produce a tragic poem, when more than half the verse is to be entombed in the performer’s stomach, in order to allow him breath and strength to roar out a concluding hemistich! What actor can arrive at perfection when he perceives a sleepy kind of indifference pervade the whole audience, who contentedly pay their money for seeing a little, and hearing nothing? This accounts for what appears to be a most vitiated taste of the public in the endurance of those childish pantomimes, Blue Beard, &c. on the very boards where Shakespeare and Otway once stormed the human heart. But this, in fact, is not such a sign of perverted taste as it is of a prudent toleration of Blue Beards, kettle-drums, or the distant view of the big-bellied Virgins of the Sun; for if the manager did not provide these he could give the audience nothing.

“A graver evil is also caused by the outrageous size of the playhouses. With nothing to fix the attention or touch the feelings of the generality of those who frequent the theatre,

the constant and indecent interruptions from ladies of *easy* virtue and their impudent paramours, are not resented as they ought to be, or as they certainly would be, could we suppose Garrick and Mrs. Cibber rising from the dead again to charm us, and treading a stage of reasonable dimensions, and on which their powers could be understood and appreciated. Should the internal part of the theatre have attractions to keep those who pay at the door in their places, the lobbies would not be filled with profligates of every description, familiarising the yet uncorrupted and modest to scenes of such meretricious impudence, hardly exaggerated by Hogarth in the *Rake's Progress*. What parent can conduct his wife and daughters through this sty without trembling with fear that though those sights are shocking and horrible to them to-day, they may not be so to-morrow—an audience that went to the play to hear and see would quickly interfere with these orgies.

“Persons now living can remember the dramatic contest between Barry and Garrick; the former acting at Covent Garden, and the latter at Drury Lane. The Covent Garden theatre has been much enlarged since that period: but before that increase of size held to be too extensive, and giving a greater advantage to Garrick than treading a much smaller stage. To avoid the trouble and expense of appearing full dressed, which was insisted upon in the boxes, many persons of taste and learning frequented the pit, and here were assembled those competent to judge and decide on the merits both of the actor and the piece.

“The rhadamanthi occupying the seats nearest to the actors, though perhaps they remained *durissima regna*, yet were so situated as to be able to hear and see before they condemned or approved. The actor then never ventured upon the liberties practised by players of our days; no nodding to, nor smiling with friends in the upper boxes: an author of merit was never cheated of his fair reward of the public favour by the slovenly acting of the hero or the heroine: and those who played the clowns were obliged to speak no more than was set down for them.

“These remarks apply to little beyond the inconveniencies felt by all, saving that which seems to touch the common morals of

the country, and which would make foreigners doubt whether we had any police to check the licentious exhibitions before alluded to.

“The alteration of hours, dress, and manners has also much contributed to an evil, I fear beyond all cure. I beg it to be held in mind that I am not endeavouring to produce remedies for this mischief, but merely attempting to trace its progress to the present hour. The size of the old theatre of Drury Lane must be in the remembrance of many; it was small in comparison with that of Covent Garden. A modern audience would be surprised to hear how the public were accommodated forty years ago. The side boxes were few in number, and very incommodious, especially when the frequenters of those boxes ever appeared in them in full dresses, the women in hoops of various dimensions, and the men with swords and habiliments calculated to deny convenient space to their neighbours. Frocks were admitted into the front boxes; but they were not usually worn by gentlemen in the evening: women of the town quietly took their station in the upper boxes, called the green boxes; and men whom it did not suit either to be at the expense of dress, or who had not time to equip themselves as before described, resorted to the pit. This of course comprehended a large description of persons, such as belonged to the inns of court, men of liberal pursuits and professions; and who by a uniform attendance at the playhouse became competent judges of the drama.

“Their situation in the pit enabled them to hear and to observe. Their habits of life led them to an acquaintance with the authors and actors of the day; the latter were not ignorant they were continually before a tribunal that made itself respected, and whose sentence conferred fame or censure; and they were convinced that negligence, ebriety, and buffoonery would not be suffered to pass unnoticed and unpunished. Garrick’s voice with that of many others of his troop reached, without effort, the deepest parts of the front boxes, nor was lost even in the farthest rows of the galleries. The general custom of wearing swords, was certainly productive of spilling blood before re-septment found time to cool; but as far as the theatre was concerned it was instrumental to decorum: the scene was hardly ever

disconcerted by noisy quarrels, blows, or such indecencies as we now witness; the weapon was at hand, and the appeal to it was rather more serious than to the fist, and enabled the weakest to contend with the most athletic. Women of the town were never permitted in the boxes below stairs, with the single exception of the beautiful Kitty Fisher, whose appearance occasioned great dismay among all the frequenters, male and female, of the hitherto unpolluted front boxes.

“Many, not long dead, could not only recollect the principal actors who preceded Garrick, but were able to convey a strong idea, and afford a conception of the ancient declamation, and mode of repeating verse; their enunciation was more sonorous, lofty, and what we should term bombastic. This may serve to explain what Cibber means when he desires a young actor more to *tone* his words, and from which Garrick made a bold departure. Ryan was long left upon the stage to afford something explanatory of the old method of declaiming; it had to the ear a trembling sound and great monotony; but he was very old and perhaps but imperfectly detailed what our ancestors (no contemptible judges) were known to have approved. The stage formerly seemed to have commanded more universal interest than at present; it appeared to have been a fashion among all ranks to be able to quote most of the striking passages of the tragic poets of their day; particularly those of Lee and Dryden. Shakspeare became more familiar to an English audience by Garrick’s bringing so many and so perpetually his plays before it, and by excelling in so many of his characters—many persons of all ranks knew almost all the best scenes of Dryden by heart. These circumstances with many others, incline me to believe that the beauties of the author and the merits of the player were much more constantly than in these days the topics of discourse and of observation; the natural consequence of hearing accurately, and of being able to compare not only one actor with another, but with himself, was a perpetual stimulus to the latter to exert himself, and not to trifle with the audience. Yates, upon the whole, almost a perfect comedian, would sometimes be negligent in learning his part, but I seldom recollect his requiring the prompter’s aid, without receiving a hint from the audience; he requi-



red it too often; and if this did not effectually correct the imperfection in him, yet it was an excellent lesson to others, who would not have been treated with the same lenity.

“Garrick, when manager, besides indulging an honest love of fame, had other motives for appearing as frequently as he did upon the stage. His attention to the theatre produced the strictest discipline in his troops, and he has continually after performing a part of exertion and fatigue in the play, appeared again in a humorous character in the farce, such as *Lethe*, *Miss in her Teens*, the *Guardian*, and many others, and most admirably was he assisted in the comedies and after-pieces, by the greatest number of truly comic actors that the public were ever amused by. One play, “*Every Man in his Humour*,” had all the characters filled by performers that induced one almost to fancy that the part was expressly written for the principal actor to whom it was consigned, from Garrick’s *Kitely* down to Cobb the water-carrier: it is sufficient to name Woodward, Yates, Shuter, Vaughan, Palmer; the rest may be found in some editions of the play printed in Garrick’s time. The tragedy that came the nearest to this comedy as to the excellent casting of the parts was *Venice Preserved*: Garrick in *Jaffier*—Mossop, *Pierre*; and Mrs. Cibber, *Belvidera*. Notwithstanding I have witnessed great effects of grief produced by Mrs. Siddons in that character, yet by no means so violent or general as by the former actress. But here I turn again to the size of the theatre, where none could feel inconvenience, for all heard, as well as saw; now a large proportion of the audience can do neither, and consequently this historical observation decides nothing of the comparative merit of these two actresses. In Mrs. Cibber certainly was to be found more feminine sweetness, besides a voice that went directly to the heart: in other respects, she might perhaps want that commanding and majestic style demanded for the terrific characters of *Lady Macbeth*, or of *Constance* in *King John*: in the latter I have never seen Mrs. Yates surpassed: nor in *Isabella* Mrs. Siddons.

“The audience formerly, and in the times I am alluding to, were contented to attend favourite performances and performers under much inconvenience, and would be now called disfigure-

ment of the scene; but still they saw and heard, and even with the following enumerated abatements of the illusory charm, crowded the house. At a benefit of a principal actor or actress, a large division of the pit was added to the front boxes, leaving few rows of the former; besides this, many seats were placed on the stage, so as to afford the actors a very contracted space, not more perhaps than twenty feet square; this of course excluded for the night almost all the accustomed decoration and scenery; but these inconveniencies were thought lightly of, partly because long habit had inured the spectators to suffer them, partly because the two great faculties of the ear and eye were still retained; while now we are made to accept as a compensation for the surrender of these, an expensive and tinsel pantomime, the noisy music of which may be heard where the human voice could never reach, and the glittering robe of a Blue Beard be discovered; where no eye could observe upon any change or expression of the actor's countenance.

“Mr. Sheridan is a striking instance of the baleful effects caused by the magnitude of his own theatre. He whose genius and wit would lose nothing by comparison between him and Congreve and Wycherly, seemed obliged to descend to such puerilities as Pizarro, probably feeling how much of his truly comic efforts would fall still-born on the stage, and be likely to receive only a partial applause, because it would be the partial lot of a few to do justice to his excellence.

“It may be asked why the size of the playhouse, on which so much stress has been laid, has not nipped with the same frost the powers of the comic actors, as it has blasted those of the tragic; and I shall without difficulty acknowledge that both the theatres can now display a very powerful host of the former. But let it be remembered that humour, whenever it can be heard, is natural and congenial to the English nation. Much may be lost, yet that which is retained may be always sufficient to make an audience laugh; whereas, if the fable of the tragedy is not distinctly unravelled from the beginning, the catastrophe must lose much of its interest, and tears will be ineffectually solicited. The country theatres are besides perpetual nurseries for the sons of drollery and merriment to take root in.

“To form a tragedian requires a different soil and different culture. Great examples must be perpetually before him, and many competitors for fame also must rouse his emulation and resolution by dint of labour to excel. From the country, and smaller theatres, tragedy is almost banished, and there he must look in vain for the example and the competitor. Let us consider the great performers who immediately preceded the time of Garrick—Wilkes, Betterton and Quin, with Mrs. Bracegirdle and Oldfield. On these great foundations, Garrick raised his superstructure of perfection; and he had either as supporters or rivals Barry, Mossop, and Macklin, with Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Yates. The teachers were numerous, and youthful powers had every aid and excitement, in their education, for improvement: in the want of these we have turned with stupid admiration, to the efforts of heaven-born geniuses, and even suffered children to assume the characters of men arrived at that period of life when all human passions may be felt and consequently portrayed. But how can this vitiated taste be ascribed to the largeness of the theatre? for Master Betty to have been approved, must have in some measure been heard. Those who witnessed that strange exhibition will recollect the extraordinary silence that reigned in every part of the house, an homage offered to that child that was scarcely ever paid to any other actor. Besides, it is much to be suspected that many joined in the applause, on whose ears the sounds he uttered could never vibrate. Strong as the tide of fashion ran, the infatuation at length ceased. I do not assume too much when I maintain that, even here, the cause of this reproachful toleration will be found in the size of the playhouses; for in those calculated to exhibit in their full splendor the great performers before alluded to, can any one suppose rational beings would have turned away from these, and have followed a boy aspiring to manhood, at thirteen years of age affecting the hero and the lover? These days of shame are past; and it is to be hoped that in the future display of similar monstrosity we shall for variety have at least ancient ladies assuming the parts of Juliet and Miss Hoydon. In the old contracted houses formed to enable the spectator to judge not only of the merits of the player, but also of those of the author, no

one can believe that those vitious productions of the German writers would have been tolerated by a British audience? Productions not only to confound vice and virtue, but by the most immoral stratagems render the former more attractive than the latter.

“The theatres of Paris, not including the great opera, some time previous to the revolution, and when the luxury and love of pleasure submitted to no bounds, were neither large nor numerous. The two which opened every night, the Théâtre François and Les Italiens, seemed very inadequate for the accommodation of a large population and reception of a play-loving people. The former of these, if I remember correctly, had no gallery, and the lower orders were to be found in the pit, which though small held many more persons than it appeared capable of containing; but this was owing to all standing, no seats being allowed in that part of the house. Immediately behind the orchestra two or three rows of benches were railed off, where were placed those who were real lovers and judges of the drama, or would be thought so. The decoration and expense attending tragedies were very sparing; and I doubt whether any two scenes in our pantomimes, or the dresses required in one of our non-descript glittering exhibitions would not exceed all the cost demanded for the tragic and comic performances of the whole year. Yet it was here that Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, gathered from an enlightened and fair judging audience those laurels which will not fade till time itself shall be no more. They only required to be heard, and they knew that immortality would be their reward, and honourably has posterity paid the debt. It was in this contracted space that Le Kain, with Madame Clarion and Dumesnil raised to themselves reputations that will flow down the current of time with the great poets I have alluded to. Every tone of their voice was heard, and every play or muscular change of the countenance observed upon.



Character of that most illustrious statesman and orator the right Honorable Wm. Windham, LL. D. who died lately in London, taken from a London publication.

#### SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF MR. WINDHAM.

On Monday, at a quarter after twelve, died at his house in Pall-Mall, the Right Hon. W. Windham, LL. D. many years member of parliament for the city of Norwich, afterwards representative of the county of Norfolk, and latterly of St. Mawes.

Among other lamentable events of the last few years the public have to enumerate the loss of many eminent men, who have successively fallen, one after the other, not so much by the decay of age, as by something of accident, which has intercepted them in their full career, and brought them to the ground, when themselves and the spectators have least apprehended it.—Mr. Pitt died at a time when, whatever might have been his line of politics, his talents were much wanted. Mr. Fox was cut off at a period when he was about to terminate a long war. Of all the events of this kind nothing is to be more regretted than the loss of Mr. Windham; who was at once a statesman and a scholar, and almost the only remaining one of those bulwarks which, in a time of extreme peril, rose up between the example of France and this country, and, more than ten Channels, saved us from conquest and contagion.

Mr. Windham was a true disciple of Burke. He had much of his wisdom, and still more of his fancy, accompanied, as we think, by a greater knowledge of nature, arising from an uncommon sagacity of mind. If we were called upon to exemplify this observation by adducing what we consider the happiest efforts of Mr. Windham's parliamentary eloquence, we should select those speeches in which he ridiculed the Poor Bills of Mr. Pitt, and the Education Bill of Mr. Whitbread;—the Training and Volunteer Acts;—the Bull-baiting Bill, and finally lord Erskine's Animal Cruelty Bill; in which, confounding the objects of morals and legislation, and conscience and law, the patrons endeavoured at a perfection which the actual condition of life and character would not admit. In all these cases Mr. Windham's

conduct and speeches gave the death-blow in an instant. In ridiculing the Training Bills he showed the spirit of a true comic writer, and if Hogarth or Wilkie could have been present to have embodied his ideas, nothing more would have been wanting to the most perfect picture of the kind, uniting satire and life, than to have taken off a kind of oil-paper copy from his imagination.

The style of Mr. Windham's eloquence partook of his character; it was more colloquial, and therefore not so grand as Mr. Burke's. It abounded in illustrations; and those illustrations, from the propensity of observation on common life which we have above-mentioned, had more the quality of humour than of ornament and elegance.—In the character of his genius he had a very near resemblance to Butler, the great author of *Hudibras*. He had a mind full of homespun and practical images, taken indiscriminately from the parlour, the kitchen, the street, the country church-yard, and the ale-house door. Almost every thing he said was in metaphor; but as the images were homely, they were striking, without being stiff and formal. Whatever notion was in his mind, if the common term did not express the strength of his conception, he never hesitated to borrow the stronger name of any object which it resembled; and, in thus borrowing, he was satisfied with a very general resemblance. Some of his illustrations therefore, though they may instantaneously strike the mind at the first blow, have even the appearance of absurdity, after the heat of the speaker and the reader have passed. This is no objection to that kind of eloquence, which both speaks *from* the feeling and *to* the feeling.

It has been another objection to Mr. Windham's speaking and arguing that he was too metaphysical. Those who use this word seem to apply it without any determinate meaning. If they apply it to his form of argumentation, they must mean that he was too logical—too formal in his method of argument. This we deny, and we think we have said enough above to answer it. Nothing could possibly be more easy and colloquial than his whole course of reasoning; and if it were not immediately intelligible, it was only because it was the reasoning of a more than common mind, and therefore necessarily profound.—It was laid in principle, and always verging towards generalization; making ex-

ceptions as he went along, speaking, as if he were writing, and carefully limiting himself from error. If by the term *metaphysical*, the peculiarity of his expressions be meant,—that is, a kind of technical precision, and proposition of general principles, he had this from Burke, and surely one of the supreme excellencies of Burke must not be objected to Mr. Windham.

As to the moral character of Mr. Windham nothing could be fairer, and it was more admirable, because his morality had the ease of an ordinary domestic habit.—He wore it as loosely as his dress: he had nothing of the outward appearance of his *real* virtue beyond what he knew to be necessary for public example—And principle, as we have above said, was always so uppermost in his mind, that almost all his actions may be said to have been regulated by it. But to crown all, to the utmost profundity of human learning, polished to the utmost of grace and elegance, he united that without which human learning is vain and frivolous—He applied his learning to a right purpose: he searched into the grounds of religion, and satisfied himself of the truth, and having so done, lived and died in its faith.—We believe that he likewise owed much on this score to Mr. Burke, whose example and exhortations seem to have led all his disciples and friends to what is alone necessary to render the wise and good perfect Christians—an examination into the grounds of our faith, and nature of its evidence, and the certainty of its authority.

We had resolved to say nothing respecting the political character, of Mr. Windham, but it would be injustice to omit giving him that praise which rarely falls to the lot of modern statesmen; a praise more eminently deserved by Mr. Windham, because, in the class of public men with whom he was through life associated, it was exclusive and peculiar to himself.—The peculiar line of his politics brought him into the society of the most ambitious, indigent, and selfish of men; of men, whose traffic was a prostitution of public principles, the object of which was to seat and maintain themselves in place and power—With such examples Mr. Windham was nowise corrupted. He had frequently been in office; but when he retired from office, he, at the same time, retired from place—he had no pension or sinecure attaching to him. The independence and generosity of his public services were not soiled by any selfish motive—Be-

ing above all inducements to serve his country, he disdained to acknowledge upon leaving employment, that the compensation, which he consented to take as an appendage to office could be justly retained by him as a reward. He would have deemed it an undue affectation to have served the public gratuitously; but when he resigned their service, he resigned their pay.

No man more esteemed the good opinion of the public, and no man better understood its real value, than Mr. Windham; but he never degraded himself by seeking it at an expense, which he more valued,—his self-estimation, and the high consciousness of acting uprightly. From certain peculiarities however in his character he was never fortunate enough to obtain this popularity. Even his style of eloquence concurred to raise a popular prejudice against him, inasmuch, as in combating popular delusions, and more particularly those mistaken principles of philanthropy, which appeal more to the heart than the reason, he was in the habit of employing metaphors and images, which by the very nature of humour and ridicule were necessarily extravagant, and therefore seemed to be unmerited by the subject, and in some degree an outrage upon general feeling. It was a kind of paradoxical, epigrammatic imagery, which, however just when thoroughly understood, had a kind of moral *discordia concors*, an apparent contradiction to reason and feeling.

No man however, as a patriot at *core*, more truly loved both his country and his countrymen—His feelings were at home with them everywhere: he triumphed with them in the camp, and took the cudgel and fiddle with them at their merry-makings.

The main defect in the character of Mr. Windham was connected with what, in general, was one of its excellencies.—His intrepidity, both personal and mental, occasionally verged into obstinacy; into a kind of defiance which there was no bending, and with which there was no dealing. For a practical man, as Mr. Windham was, this was a great singularity in his character.

We have purposely abstained from saying any thing of the political conduct of Mr. Windham: but so much we will say; that he received the Palladium of the British Constitution from Mr. Burke; and through fire and smoke, through a burning city, *per flagrantia mania mundi*, he kept it.



But to sum up all, he was at once the scholar and the Christian, or to say every thing in one simple term, he was the perfect ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

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The origin of the complaint which ended in Mr. Windham's death was a contusion received in rescuing the most valuable part of the library of his friend, Mr. Frederick North, from the fire which consumed the latter's house, in Conduit-street, about twelve months since. Mr. North, at his going abroad, recommended to the particular care and personal custody of Mr. Windham several tin boxes, containing some very rare manuscripts; adding, that, "his library, though very valuable, could be replaced, and was insured; but that the manuscripts would be an irreparable loss." Mr. Windham had, it is said, deferred the removal of the boxes to his own house; and this was the reason why, at the imminent hazard of his life, and with the certainty of great personal injury, he rushed into the midst of the flames to rescue them. He succeeded; but at the same time received the contusion which, after such a length of time, has terminated so fatally.

Mr. Windham consulted the most eminent surgeons, separately at first, and afterwards collectively. So many different statements are given of the concordant or contradictory opinions of the medical gentlemen, that we deem it more prudent to insert nothing on this subject. The result, however, was a determination to submit to the knife. Mr. Windham's ardent temper led him to insist on the performance of the operation without the usual course of preparatory medicine. He settled his worldly affairs; and with the piety of a sincere Christian performed all the religious duties appropriate to so solemn an occasion, taking the sacrament at the Chapel of the charter-house.—His fortitude was such, that he engaged the operator to perform his duty, without the usual precaution of tying down the patient; and even when it was found necessary to cut deeper than was at first expected (the tumour not being insulated as was supposed, but having a cancerous root on the bone, which it was absolutely

necessary to scrape), he said repeatedly, "I can bear it;" but when they reached the bone, he said, "Now indeed, you may feel for me." It is said, that the tumour itself, judging from the appearances that rendered it necessary to carry the operation so far beyond what was at first intended must, if left to take its course, have necessarily proved fatal whenever it should break (which would have been probably in a month or two), as the system would be incapable of supporting the discharge that would come from it. It was discovered, very soon after the operation, that the event was likely to be fatal; an *ichorous* matter flowed from the wound which prevented adhesion, and the flesh did not *granulate*, so as to afford the prospect of approximation.

He was attended in his last moments by Mr. William Elliot. He expired without a struggle or a groan. He had slept, the preceding night, from eleven to eight o'clock, and it was thought that if any thing could have given a favourable turn to his wound, it would be rest; but his powers were consumed. He has left no issue; and was in the 63d year of his age.

During the viceroyalty of lord Northington, in Ireland, Mr. Windham was his secretary. It was on his appointment to this situation, that expressing doubts of his ability to do justice to the office, or to adopt the practices supposed to be necessary, to his friend, Dr. Johnson, (as mentioned in Mr. Boswell's work), the Doctor said, with a pleasant smile, "Don't be afraid, sir, you will soon make a very pretty rascal."—Dr. Johnson had the highest opinion of his integrity and intellectual powers, and in a letter to Mr. Brocklesby, recorded in the same work, written at Ashbourne, in the year 1784, he says, "Mr. Windham has been here to see me—he came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and staid about a day and a half—perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is *inter stellas luna minores*."

Mr. Windham was married about fifteen years ago to Miss Forrester, of Binfield, a lady of small fortune, but of a most amiable character, and with a mind congenial in knowledge and attainments with his own. Nothing could be more happy and harmonious than his domestic life; and therefore, it may naturally be

conceived, that the loss of such a man must be deeply affecting. It is said that he had a strong presentiment that his death would happen on Monday. He declared this opinion immediately after the operation was performed, and repeated it on Sunday, observing to his medical attendants, that it was the last time he should trouble them, as he should certainly die the next day.

Mr. Windham has left several manuscript volumes, one of which is a complete mathematical work. It appears that Mr. Windham excelled in that science. It was his custom to write his thoughts on the several subjects that engaged his attention in large books, and he generally filled one every month. It was probably by this methodical arrangement of the matters that came within the range of his extensive research, that Mr. Windham obtained the command of that vast variety of arguments and illustrations, which enabled him to present his opinions to the minds of his auditors in more numerous and more striking forms than any other man of the present time. He was a pupil, a follower, and ardent friend of Mr. Burke; from that great and good man, who has left so much instruction to his country in his works, Mr. Windham derived the leading principles of his politics, and the most admired characteristics of his eloquence.

The funeral of Mr. Windham left Pall Mall at half past four on Friday morning, for the family vault at Felbrig attended by his nephew Mr. Edmund Byng, and his solicitor, Mr. T. H. Budd.

## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE MIRROR.

SIR,

If the inclosed lines should meet with your approbation, with the illustrious subject of which, I perceive you are intimately acquainted, their insertion in your valuable and highly interesting work will confer a favour on one of his most enthusiastic admirers, and oblige

*A Subscriber.*

## ON SHAKSPEARE.

IMMORTAL Shakspeare! o'er thy wondrous page  
In sweet amazement roams the ravish'd eye;  
Where pity moves, or warring passions rage,  
Where heroes triumph, or where lovers sigh.

Our feelings move in unison with thine,  
Thy genius draws the sympathetic tear,  
In mild subjection leads the willing mind,  
Inspires with courage, or appals with fear.

Nature, thy fancy through her realms pursues,  
Adventurous soars, and scorns the vulgar eye;  
Inwapt in clouds, with admiration views  
The glowing precincts of her native sky.

Its rays of glory beaming round thy name,  
With heavenly tone inspir'd thy silver lyre;  
The torch enkindled whose eternal flame  
Illumes thy pictures with Promethean fire.

Now honours bursting into blazing day  
From thy stern brow, provok'd revenge bespeak;  
Now Cupid's blushes o'er thy features play,  
And riot sweetly on thy blooming cheek.

How has my soul with wild emotion tost,  
Been rais'd to heights above a mortal's sphere;  
How has it shrunk in frenzied sorrow lost,  
When Shakspeare's genius whelm'd the stage in tears.



The bosom heaves with agonising sighs,  
At poor old Lear, a wretched parent's doom,  
O filial duty! where were then thy ties?  
Where slept thy vengeance god of light and gloom?

There human nature view with trembling shame  
Too true a picture of thy children's love,  
Who scorn too oft a father's reverend name,  
And serpents gender'd in his bosom prove.

"Sharp tooth'd Unkindness," view your image there,  
There see your front from ev'ry error free;  
In Gonneril and Regan what you are,  
But in Cordelia what you ought to be.

Hail mighty bard! who wakes with equal fire  
The soothing measure, or the air sublime,  
Thy works shall brave the vengeful bigot's ire,  
And pass unsullied through the test of time.

Thy Hamlet's reas'ning strikes us with dismay,  
His manly griefs all grov'ling thoughts control,  
He, greatly scorning a fell tyrant's sway,  
Owns no dictator but a noble soul.

Thy desperate Moor to jealous frenzy wrought,  
And led to ruin by a villain's plan,  
Makes shuddering Nature startle at the thought  
That curst Iago was a fellow-man.

Thy Falstaff's humours in spontaneous tide  
Would rouse the Stoic from his chill repose:  
If hatred swells us at thy Richard's pride,  
Sure pity melts us at his brother's woes.

Thus or the comic, or the tragic maid  
With equal warmth inspire thy mighty mind;  
Each crown'd with laurels that will never fade,  
The great instructor of the human kind.

Thy country's idol, thy profession's praise,  
Before thy brightness error's shadows flee;

Fame's echoing trumpet with delight conveys  
 Britannia's honours for the sake of thee.

May other suns with equal lustre shine,  
*Columbia's* greatness o'er the earth avow;  
 With dazzling splendor light her happy clime,  
 And wreath with glory her effulgent brow.

THADDEUS.

### MUSIC.

*Extracts from Milton relating to Music.*

In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, a curious, and I think an original simile occurs. Milton describes the infernal spirits as digging gold from the side of one of the mountains in hell. To the different spirits different employments are assigned. One is busied in digging, another in melting the precious metal:

"A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;  
 As in an organ from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes."

*Par. Lost. B. 1. v. 705. et seq.*

This simile is as just as it is new. The pipes of an organ are disposed at different heights and distances in the various parts of the instrument; they are all supplied by strange and intricate conveyance from the sound-board which is placed nearly over the keys.

"He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue; by some were herds  
 Of cattle grazing; others whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd  
 Their chords and stops was seen; his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions low and high  
 Flew and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue."

*Par. Lost. B. X. v. 556. et. seq.*

The two last lines of this passage could have been written only by a skilful organ player. The style of performing on that sublime instrument was then very different from what it is at present. Organ players then endeavoured to excel in skilful combinations of harmony, in artful contexture of parts, and learned modulation. At present the style of playing in general approaches more to that of the piano-forte, and there are comparatively but few performers who attempt what Milton particularly adverts to. Any one who has been fortunate enough to hear good organ playing of the old school, will immediately perceive how accurately and how scientifically Milton has described it.

The following beautiful sentence will sufficiently corroborate what has been just stated with regard to Milton's complete knowledge of the subject in question.

"The interval of convenient rest before meat, may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing the travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learnt: either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches does adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ stop, waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which have power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle, from rustic harshness and distempered passions."

*Tractate of Education, prose works, Amst. Edit. vol. ii. p. 849.*

Surely this sentence abounds as much with true poetry as almost any passage that Milton ever wrote. It is matter both of surprise and regret that his prose works should be so little read. What a noble spirit of independence, what an ardent love for truth, what glowing zeal for liberty, animate all that he wrote, and appear conspicuous in each page of his works. Yet are these excellent productions, most of which ought to be read

by every Briton, only to be found in the libraries of the learned, and the collections of the curious.\*

Milton like a true musician, always speaks with greater rapture when describing the effects of harmony than those of melody.† Harmony was then much more studied than melody. The compositions for the church, to which style of writing the best musicians had principally confined themselves, abounded with learned and eccentric modulation, and sublime combinations of sound: the elegancies of melody were but little known or practised. Lawes, who I before mentioned as Milton's intimate friend, was one of the first who introduced the Italian school of music into England. In the following quotation Milton alludes to the abrupt modulation frequent among the best composers for the church.

"Thus far I have digressed from my former subject, but into such a path as, I doubt not, ye will agree with me to be much fairer than the road way I was in: and how to break off suddenly into those jarring notes which this confuter hath set me, I must be wary, unless I can provide against offending the ear, as good musicians are wont skilfully to fall out of one key into another, without breach of harmony."

*Apology for Smectymmus, prose works, Amst. Edit. vol. i. p. 191.*

As I have already extended this subject to a much greater length than I at first intended, I cannot close this letter without apologising for having occupied so much of the Mirror. If, however, what I have written shall have been the means of introducing to any of your readers some passages of Milton before unnoticed by them, or of explaining the author's meaning

\* Since writing the above, I am happy to find that a complete edition of Milton's prose works has been published by the booksellers of London, under the superintendence of the learned Dr. Symonds, with a life that does Milton ample justice.

† It is curious to remark how frequently, persons, ignorant of music, confuse the terms *harmony* and *melody*. I heard a popular lecturer on morals, at the royal institution last year, while speaking on the beautiful in music, give such a definition of *harmony* as any one of his young lady auditors might have been ashamed of.



where perhaps it was not apparent to every one, I trust that my apology will be admitted. In the meantime I may beg your indulgence, at some future period for another letter.

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## DOMESTIC SPORTING.

A trotting match against time, took place on Saturday the 18th of last month, which has justly excited the astonishment of all who have heard it. A horse belonging to a gentleman of Boston, was engaged to trot one mile, in three minutes and eight seconds. Large betts were laid upon it, and the performance took place upon the Point-no-Point road, when to the surprise of every one but those who previously knew the powers of the animal, and the disappointment of those who betted against him, he not only won the wager, but went the distance in two minutes and forty-eight seconds, and, though harnessed in a sulky, did it with perfect ease. It is stated upon authority, which there is no reason to doubt, that he has before trotted a mile in two minutes and twenty-eight seconds. On our first hearing of this extraordinary feat, we were disposed on loose guess to believe, that it had not been surpassed by any thing of the kind in England. But on looking into the Sporting Magazine, we found in the first volume which came to hand, viz. vol. 34—June and July, 1809, the two following cases, which considering the greater distance, we think surpass it.

A mare belonging to Mr. Obey, of Nottingham street London, which is under fifteen hands, trotted *eight miles and a half*, two minutes under half an hour, on Tuesday the 13th, on the Sunbury road, for a wager of 200 guineas to 50 against the mare.

The end of last month a match which excited considerable interest, took place on the Harrow road, between an English and an Irish poney, *ten miles* for 100 guineas. The animals were rode by their owners, weighing nearly twelve stone, (168 pounds)

each, and the betts were two to one on the English poney, but he was beat by a mile. The winner is out of the celebrated Podhereen mare,\* and performed the distance in thirty-three minutes.

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#### REMARKS ON EMILIA GALOTTI.

*The Tragedy which accompanies this number, by Thomas Holcroft.*

THE chief defect in this Tragedy is that it is written in an explanatory, colloquial, and prosaic style; but this is what may be almost called the mortal sin of German literature; it has never yet attained that laconic indication of the passions, which is best calculated to express their rapid, confused, and desperate course.

In other respects, Emilia Galotti is a masterpiece: the progress of the plot is truly dramatic, the contrast of the characters is finely imagined, and the feelings excited are among the noblest within the province of the tragic Muse. This piece only requires a master hand to lop away its superfluities, preserve its beauties, and link them in a quick and poetical succession, to render it perhaps the finest modern tragedy known to the stage.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Thaddeus we return our hearty thanks for his excellent lines on Shakspeare, of which we cannot better demonstrate our opinion than by giving them undelayed publicity. We believe Thaddeus is the very first to whom we are indebted in the same kind, and we hope it will not be the last of his contributions.

\* This must be a mistake. The poney may be descended from the Podhereen mare, but cannot be immediately out of her—That famous mare having been dead at least fifty years.